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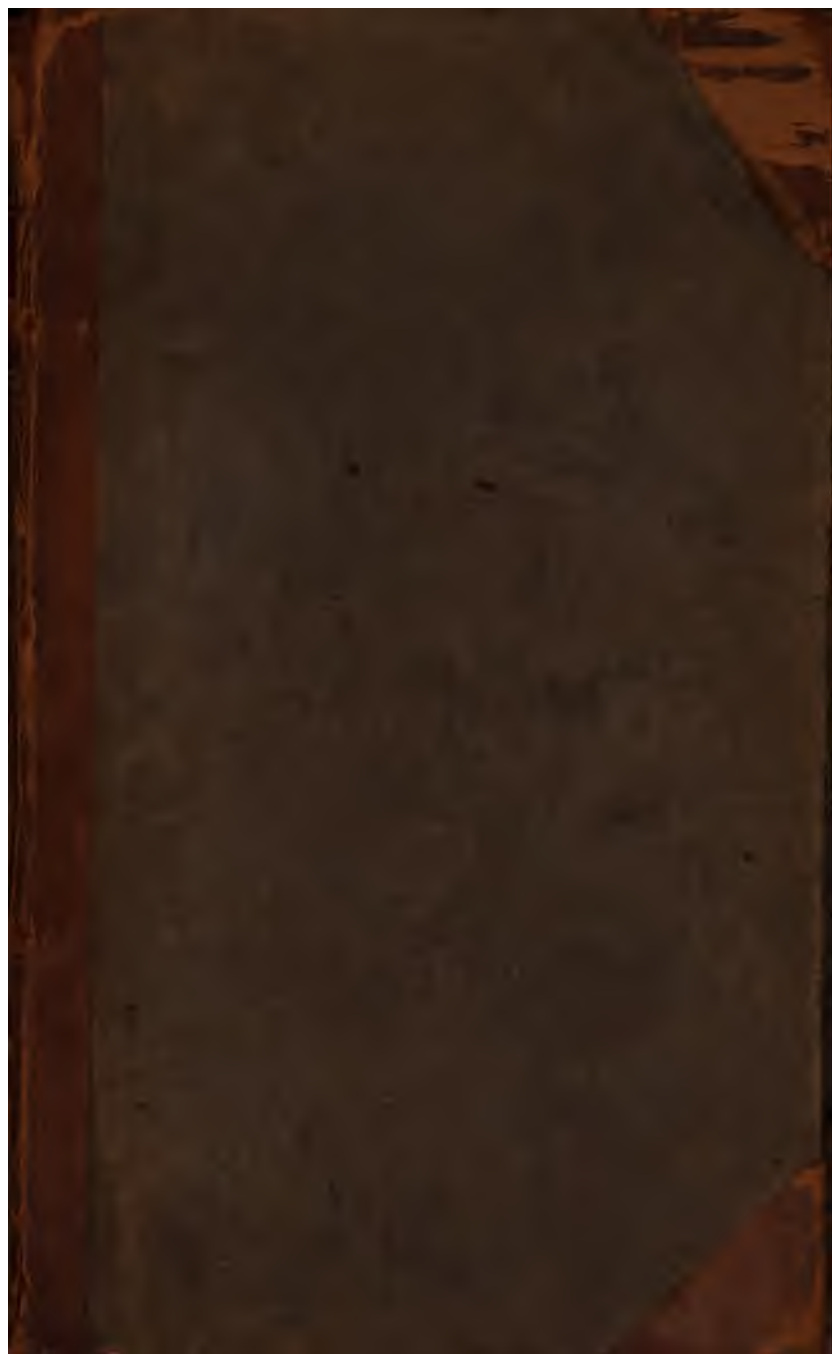
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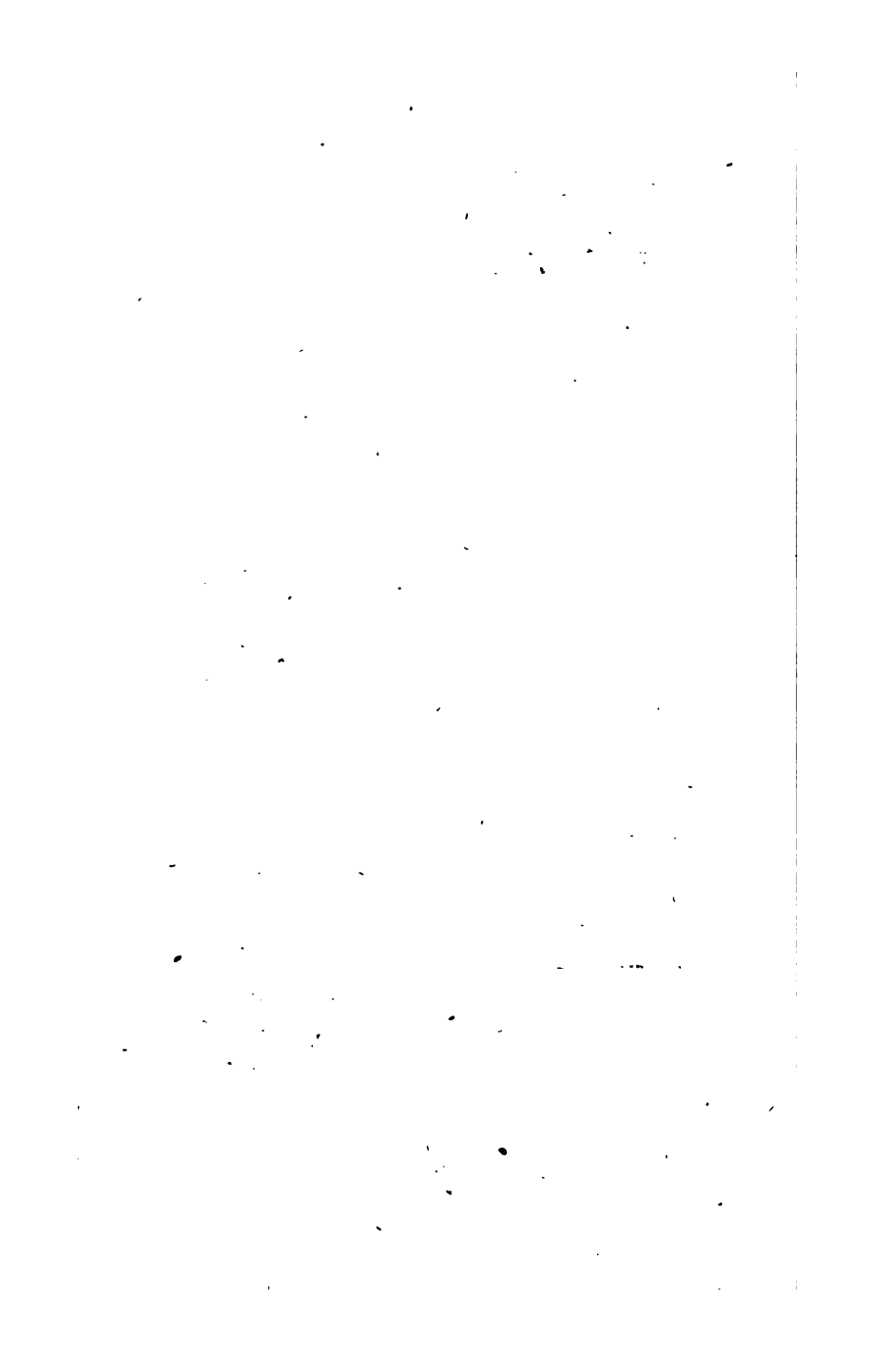
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THE METROPOLIS.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall Street.



THE
METROPOLIS;

OR,

A CURE FOR GAMING.

Interspersed with

ANECDOTES OF LIVING CHARACTERS IN HIGH LIFE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

CERVANTES HOGG, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

THE RISING SUN, THE SETTING SUN, &c. &c.

How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of we three?
Now, Mercury, endue thee with pleasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.

Clown, *Twelfth Night.*

VOL. II.

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THE METROPOLIS.

CHAP. I.

The History of the Duchess of Fallowland.

"**T**HE Duchess is really to be pitied: at an age when the youthful passions demand an equal warmth of return, she was torn from the arms of a lover, the man of her own age and choice, and sacrificed, through her mother's addiction to the gaming-tables, to the embraces of her present old Lord. Having, from her infancy, been accustomed to the unceremonious visits of her first cousin, the

amiable and honourable Mr. Tyson, an irresistible sympathy, stronger than relationship, attached them to each other. This growing passion was observed, and at first warmly encouraged, by her Grace's mother, Lady Dashwell (relict of a Baronet), who being, as we have already hinted, of a gay turn, wished to have her daughter well out of her way. The hearts of the two lovers were unalterably engaged, when her Ladyship all at once grew cool on the matter, and at length pronounced the utmost detestation and abhorrence of, and a fixed opposition to, an union between such near relatives.

"Cruel indeed was the situation of the lovers, who were both seized with a fit of sickness; but nothing could move the resolve of Lady Dashwell, who declared solemnly, that she would rather attend them

them to their graves, than to the altar. As she grew gloomy, peevish, and reserved, this alteration was attributed by many to a methodistical revolution, which age was bringing about in her principles; and this opinion was rather confirmed, by her almost wholly refraining from the gaming-tables; but it was as erroneous as possible. The fact was, that she had fallen into the snares of Lady McLackland, who professed the most disinterested friendship for her, and had indeed given what the world, judging from appearances, would deem an unquestionable proof of it, by lending to her sums, amounting to *seven thousand pounds*; to discharge her debts of honour; of which, however, this disinterested friend had, *unknown to her*, received back the greater part, by means of a gambling combina-

tion against her. Lady M'Lackland never asked for the money, though she often could not help the escape of a complaint of the straitness of her circumstances; and as Lady Dashwell had been entrapped into other debts to persons who professed no friendship for her, and who pressed for payment, which was totally out of her power, she was literally at her wit's end; indeed she had squandered away not only all she could raise on her own jointure, but had made away with the greatest part of her daughter Julia's fortune, to whom she had been unfortunately left sole guardian by an uxorious husband.

“ Under this distress, she was somewhat relieved by Lady M'Lackland, who having two strings to her bow, was a match-maker as well as a gamestress, and who proposed
to

to her two matches for her daughter, and her nephew Mr. Tyson, on terms that would not only enable her to discharge all her debts, but also put a round sum at her command. This was too tempting a bait for one in Lady Dashwell's situation not to catch at; and having come to an understanding, that she was to have ten thousand pounds out of each party, she commenced her opposition to the union of the lovers, by the before-mentioned scruples.

“After she had played off this farce for a while, Lady M'Lackland came into play. She began by ridiculing to Julia, her mother's antiquated religious notions; not but that she must likewise deem it a *folly* in young folks, to conceit that only one person of the other sex could contribute to their happiness;

as time generally brought to light, that *love-matches*, of all others, were the most pregnant with unhappiness—‘It is with the utmost propriety,’ she would add, ‘that *Cupid* is represented blind, and *Hymen* in full possession of his eyesight; for lovers see only perfections, and married folks imperfections; the illusion vanishes, and the deception becomes more cutting. I have had experience, and in spite of the whole tribe of poverty-struck novel-writers, give me what they emphatically term a *Smithfield bargain*. Talk of flames, darts, and wounded hearts! What are they, to the delicious sounds of settlement, pin-money, jointure, title, town and country establishments? these are enjoyments which never pall—the others vanish with the honeymoon.—Trust to me, my dearest Julia; and if I do

do not provide all these lasting pleasures for you, may I be doomed for life to hold in my hand a prayer-book instead of a pack of cards !

“ Julia answered, as is usual in such cases, only by sobs, sighs, and tears, which Lady M'Lackland rather encouraged than endeavoured to suppress, aware that the more rapid was the ebb of love, the more speedy would be the flow of vanity. One opportunity offered, just such as her Ladyship could have wished, when Julia, in despair, declared, that if she was not to be united to her cousin, she cared not who was to lead her a victim to the altar.

Spoken with spirit, my dear girl; and I am convinced that you have made a brilliant conquest of his Grace of —, which will render you the envy of our

sex—A splendid wedding, an old Duke, a grand settlement! and then hey for a youthful widowhood, a Duchess-dowager's title, and love at will!

“The tender Julia was, however, proof against all these seducing prospects; and would perhaps have played a part in *All for Love, or the World well Lost*, and concluded with another in *A Trip to Gretna Green*, but for the following pantomimic interlude, of her mother's acting. Lady Dashwell really loved her daughter, with an affection that nothing but her distressed situation, and itch of gaming, could abate, or prevail on her to sacrifice her on the altar of avarice: she determined to make one desperate effort to redeem her losses, and save her child from misery: all her spare jewels and plate being conveyed to the *three blue*

blue balls, she raised what she could on her little remaining credit, and found herself in possession of *three thousand guineas*, with which she resolved to make a *grand push*. Without hinting her intention even to her friend Lady M'Lackland, she repaired to the gaming-tables, and set the whole sum on a single card. The company stared at the coolness with which she hazarded so large a stake, and more so, when she won, and *cocked* her card, as the term is for turning up one end of it, to signify that she went for double: again luck favoured her, and she was mistress of *twelve thousand guineas*, which was barely enough to discharge her debts. She now hesitated a few seconds, and the company observed her in deep suspense: she could discharge all demands, but what was she to do in

future? To withdraw for ever from all dear delights of gaming, when one more favour of fortune might enable her to continue those loved pursuits with splendour?—She cocked again, and soon—Rising with apparent serenity from the table, she said she had had enough for one night, got into her chariot, and returned home. She retired immediately to her apartment; and having assumed, without the assistance of her woman, her most elegant night-dress, and thrown herself on the bed, she rang the bell, and summoned her daughter to attend her. The tender Julia, almost heart-broken, yet still entertaining the most filial affection for her mother, was thunderstruck at the unusual appearance of things, and eagerly demanded what ailed her?—My poor dear Julia, answered her Ladyship,

And, alas! if she, she is cast, and banished
 leave you to the world, the unfeeling,
 merciless, malicious world, with a broken
 fortune, and, what is worse, an object of
 their detestable, insulting pity. Oh! do
 not sate the memory of thy wretched
 mother, although she has been to thee
 the bitterest of enemies! I can deceive
 you no longer—my infatuation, my un-
 happy attachment to gaming, has ruined
 us both; and debts of thousands more
 than I can pay, sink me into a premature
 grave. I can say no more; spare me the
 shame and horror of the catastrophe, all
 but—Farewell, my dear undone Julia!
 farewell for ever! She then hid her
 head under the bed-clothes, and sobbed
 or affected to sob, with the most violent
 emotion.

“Julia was so shocked at these dread-

ful tidings; that her mother had sufficient time for a dozen heavy sobs, before she was interrupted by her daughter's throwing her arms around her, and exclaiming—'My dearest mother, what misery are you preparing for me!—If we are doomed to poverty, oh! let us bear it together; and leave me not alone, to sustain that and the scorn of the world!—Some mode of retrieving your affairs may still be found; your nephew, here, she became confused, is not rich, but he has a soul above the lot of humanity, and will readily lend us all the assistance in his power. Suffer me to send for him.'

'My dearest child, there you only lend a hand to drive the dagger to my heart! Mr. Tyson's whole fortune would not suffice to pay my debts; and the only fruits of his disinterested affection would
be,

be to render you both beggars. Rather let me die, my debts will die with me; and his fortune may be sufficient to keep you both above want."

"Die! no, my dear mother; there is no extremity to which I would not sooner resort. . . Let us anticipate the sneers of the world, and leave it with contempt."

"No, Julia; I will never bear that my follies, vices rather, should entail obloquy on my child. My death will readily be attributed to despair for my losses, and spare you the shame—there is no other remedy."

"No other remedy?"

"None but one, my endeavours to prevent which has hastened on my catastrophe, which I can infinitely better support, than to live to witness yours."

"Name, name that one; and should it
even

enable that alternative, which I cannot
perpetrate, here by Heaven I swear—'dropp-
ing on her knees.

'Do not swear, Julia; say, it will be
useless, as I cannot, will not name it.'

'Then will you seal your daughter's
doom; for I swear never to survive you,
to behold the light of another day.'

'Unhappy girl! miserable victim of a
wretched mother! learn then the rest
from Lady M'Lackland.'

'I understand, and will not shrink—I
will send for her this instant.'

"Julia wrote a pressing summons to
Lady M'Lackland, who, dreading, from
Lady Dashwell's conduct in the former
part of the evening, that something might
have happened to endanger the chance of
her getting her seven thousand pounds;
she hastened to her coach, and flew to her

with all the wings, if not the sentiments, of friendship. I need scarcely tell you, that she had no sooner gotten her cue, than the farce was admirably sustained, between the art of the two veteran actresses and the simplicity of the young one. No time was suffered to elapse : his Grace of Fallowland was summoned, by a note from Lady McLackland, in which she gave him his cue, and he arrived, attended by his solicitor. As all the articles of settlement had been concluded between their Ladyships and his Grace some time before, the preliminaries were soon signed ; and on the ensuing day, the definitive treaty of marriage took place, and Julia became the wretched titled Duchess of Fallowland.

"Gracious Heaven !" exclaimed Brian, "what a monster of a mother ! and what a load

a load of villainy must be the right, or rather *morning-mare*, of Lady M'Lackland. "Poh!" cried Verjnice, "these matters are trifles in the *beau monde*. You are not yet acquainted with the tenth part of Lady M'Lackland's *finessé*. Mr. Tyson, in despair at the perfidy which he unjustly attributed to the wretched Julia, at first forswore all commerce with the sex; but afterwards, through pique, resentment, and the pride of retaliation, aided by the artifices of Lady M'Lackland and his own aunt, he threw himself into the odious embraces of the rich old Countess-dowager of Lackit, and formed a society of that fashionable monster—a disunited united couple.

"By these sales of her daughter and nephew, Lady Dashwell acquired twenty thousand

thousand pounds; and Lady M'Lackland not only procured a settlement of her debt of seven thousand pounds, but also received a handsome *extra douceur* from the joint subscriptions of the Duke and Countess: still she was not satisfied. Under pretence of her long and vast friendship for the mother, she couched the most insidious designs against the purse, and even the honour of the as-yet-artless daughter. Although gratitude for his Grace's beneficence towards her mother, and his unbounded liberality, tenderness, and politeness towards herself, had made no weak impression on her mind, yet she could not help many melancholy reflections on the expence with which she herself had purchased them. Lady M'Lackland seized all opportunities of those *sombre* fits to wean her from
her

her allegiance, by representing matrimony as only a cover for other indulgences, and a ready bank on which to draw for the *sine quâ non* of all earthly enjoyments. Her Grace at first smiled at what she supposed to be meant as a joke, but afterwards began to oppose every idea of the kind, with becoming warmth. Lady M'Lackland, however, was not to be so repulsed; she repeated her assertions with more earnestness, and even appealed to living instances among her numerous acquaintance, in support of them. The appeal was undeniable, and her Grace was at length half reasoned, half ridiculed out of her unfashionable scruples. The fatal example of her mother's propensity to gaming, however, held out for several months, against the stage laid to them by her Ladyship; and her

her fixed determination of never losing above *twenty guineas* at one sitting, was never once broken in upon.

“ As the Duchess was a prize of great consideration, and her scruples required longer time to overcome them than Lady M'Lackland's numerous avocations would allow her to bestow, she turned the siege into a blockade, and entrusted the charge of it to an experienced subaltern, the *Honourable Miss Rachel Rappee*. This Lady was a younger daughter of an Irish Peer, who left her only a portion of two thousand pounds, in addition to her honourable birth. Possessing neither youth, mental nor personal charms, she was endowed with astonishing perseverance and art of insinuation, which, although they wholly failed with the opposite sex, in all her endeavours to procure a partner
for

for life, were seldom ineffectual with her own sex, from whose weakness she contrived to eke out her scanty pittance. A person so qualified and disposed, was the very thing for Lady M'Lackland's purpose, as was Lady M'Lackland for hers; a treaty of mutual confidence and support was the natural consequence.

“ Miss Rappee was no sooner entrusted with the blockade of the Duchess, than she plied her with fawning, flattery, and even the meanest servility. Deprived of the advice of a mother, who, however, was the worst person in the world to bestow any that was wholesome, and who, thinking she had got to the extent of her natural duty, by getting her daughter off her hands, had returned to her former habits with increased ardour, it was no wonder that the inexperienced Duchess should

should be ready to fall into the snare of any artful person of her own sex, who should assume the mask of entire devotion to her services. Miss Rappee, after having sufficiently reconnoitred the ground, and guessed what lengths she might venture to advance, hinted, that what might be prudence in women of inferior rank, herself for instance, would be justly deemed beneath the consideration of the Duchess of Fallowland, who should never be seen to play for a paltry five or ten guineas: there was reason in all things, and a reasonable ground of difference between such trifles and thousands. It could be from no interested motives she spoke, as her Grace very well knew, that the scantiness of her income would scarcely support her, much less

of uneasiness, until she had brought her to confess the real state of the case.

'Poh! poh!' cried Rappee, smiling; 'is that the mouse with which the mountain is in labour? To be sure, five thousand pounds is a sum to some folks, but a mere bauble to her Grace of Fallowland: this night's run will, perhaps, much more than redeem that paltry loss.'

'You mistake, Rappee; for I cannot go to the play-table again before I am able to pay it, and that at present is impossible.'

'But absenting yourself, your Grace knows, will look worse than going unprepared. I never wished to be rich so much as at this very instant. But his Grace will supply you, for the trouble of asking.'

'I dare

‘I dare not ask him for so considerable a sum, without assigning some reason for my wanting it; and as he has liberally anticipated all my needful wants——’

‘Cannot your Grace contrive to borrow the money on——there are lenders enough, who would jump to do your Grace so small a favour; nay, would think it a favour conferred on themselves.’

‘I cannot degrade his Grace so far as to apply to a common money-lender.’

‘Well then, Lady M‘Lackland is a *sincere friend*; if she has not the money by her, she may at least put you in a way——’

‘A lucky thought, my dear Rappee! Oblige me so far as to go to her this instant, and acquaint her with my embarrassment.’

‘ Lord ! what a strong term your Grace applies to what is beneath a moment’s consideration !’

‘ It has, however, entirely destroyed my rest ; and shall be the last freak of the kind, I am resolved, Rappee.’

“ Miss Rappee flew to concert with Lady M’Lackland, not the means of drawing their *friend* out of the scrape, but how to plunge her deeper into it—‘ We must not let her have the whole of the money,’ said her Ladyship, ‘ lest she should leave off play. Take these notes for one thousand pounds, tell her it is the half of all I have at present, having been a considerable loser myself last night ; and if Fortune proves the same jade to-night, I shall be compelled to *pawn my jewels* for a supply. This, you know, will be a decent hint for her.’

‘ What

‘What can I do?’ said her Grace, on receiving the notes and this message—
‘the whole debt must be paid to-night. I should not be so particular, if it were owing to one of my own sex; but one must not remain in debt to one of the other sex, you know, for very obvious reasons.’

‘Well, your Grace, one night can make no odds; try your luck, and if it should be against you, it will be then time to think about raising the money; and then you will be left to your pleasure, to play or not.’

“To cut short, the Duchess hazarded the one thousand pounds borrowed of Lady M'Lackland, and lost that, and also another sum of four thousand pounds, to the gentleman who before won the five thousand pounds. It was now more than

ever impossible to apply to his Grace: however, as the winner was a man of large fortune and of gallantry, and her Grace was a fashionable reigning toast, it was managed, through the *brokerage* of *Lady M' Lackland* and the *Honourable* Miss Rappee, that the fortunate winner and fair loser should hush up matters between them one evening, at her Ladyship's house; and her Grace got a receipt, without drawing upon his Grace's banker for a single guinea."

" Indeed," exclaimed Brian, " you were right in saying that the Duchess was to be pitied; for the most rigid virtue could scarcely be expected to hold out against such an experienced corps of sappers and miners."

" There is very little doubt," continued Verjuice, " but that the Duchess would

would have never sacrificed her virtue, but for her *fiends* of *friends*. Ever since that time, she has been so extremely cautious, as never to have committed another *faux pas* from necessity ; if from inclination, she has been so extremely circumspect, that the breath of slander has never dared to sully her fame. You will wonder, perhaps, how I should become so well acquainted with all these details of matters, which might be supposed to have been transacted so much in the dark as to baffle disclosure ; but I had the whole of them from her Grace's *bosom-friends*, Lady M'Lackland and Miss Rappee, who, looking upon me as *one of themselves*, imagined that the story would give them infinite credit for ingenuity, rather than have the effect it produced ; for, in all my gambling transactions, I

never betrayed a friend, nor ever made an acquaintance with the view to draw him into a loss, and despise those who do. Her Ladyship can therefore tell you, that she is indebted to me for a thorough insight into the artifices of her pretended friends, with whom, although she chooses not to break entirely, yet she secretly detests them, and has ever since acted towards them with the utmost reserve.— But, if my memory serve me right, you mentioned that the plotting *trio*, who are so fond of a little mischief, are to pass the night at a certain house.”

“ I overheard them so agree.”

“ What say you? Should you like to have a hearty laugh at a piece of revenge, which I have an idea of taking upon them?”

“ Nothing could please me better.”

“ Let us set out directly then.”

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A ludicrous Piece of Revenge played off upon a Lady of the Town—The fatal Effects of Gaming on inexperienced Youth—An astonishing Act of Benevolence, from a Cynic and a Gamester.

VERJUICE and Brian went straight to Covent-garden Piazzas, and on entering the house, enquired of a waiter if Mrs. Fisher and her party, describing their persons and dress, were there? He replied, that such persons were then in the house, and had ordered supper, which

was getting ready. Verjuice asked if there was any shrewd clever girl then in waiting? and was answered, that there were several girls in the house, and one styled by the rest *Knowing Peg*, who had the character of being a *deep one*. Verjuice ordered the waiter to send her in, and also to put a couple of bottles of sherry on the table.

Peg was introduced; and after she had taken three or four bumpers, Verjuice opened the business, by telling her that, if she would lend a hand to play off a joke upon some company then in the house, she might soon earn a couple of guineas and a good supper, and should not come to the least harm—it was merely a bit of a frolic.

“Oh, if that be all,” cried Peg, “I loves a bit of frolic to my heart; only give

give me my cue, and if I don't play my part, say my name's not *Knowing Peg*."

"Do you know Mrs. Fisher?" demanded Verjuice.

"Aye, that I do; I *owes* her a grudge too, for getting away my *fancy-man* from me one night; and if so be as how you *means* to play a trick upon her, here's have with you, if you will bear me out, as you say you will."

"Never fear that; we will be as good as our words."

Having fully instructed Peg, the waiter was again called, and asked whether there was any room adjoining to that in which Mrs. Fisher's company were? and being answered in the affirmative, Verjuice and Brian took possession of it, leaving the door ajar, to hear what passed.

Just as supper was put upon the table

in the next room, they heard Peg tap at the door, and exclaim, on being bid to come in—"Mrs. Fisher, you may guess perhaps as how I *owes* you a grudge; but rot me if I don't owe the *bums* a greater, and would give my last gown to see any of them *queered*. The case, in a word, is, that there are two of them now below, asking for you and two gentlemen; one they call Glare," Glare started up, "and t'other—I forget his name."

"Burnish?" cried he, starting up also.

"The very same: I heard them say they dodged you into the house, and are resolved not to leave it without seeing you, as you are *shy cocks*, and they have long waited for such an opportunity."

"My dear girl," cried Glare, "is there any back way out of the house? Help me off, and I'll give you—that is, I'll be a guinea

a guinea in your debt ; and 'pon honour it shall be left with the waiter for you."

" Why, Sir, though I *wants* a guinea bad enough, I *hates* to see good fellows trapped. There is a back way into Hart-street, for quality and gentry ; follow me in the dark—there's not a minute to lose: I *thinks* I *hears* them coming up stairs."

Without another word, or even staying to get their hats, Glare and Burnish rushed out after her, bolted down stairs, crying, "*Coming, coming, Sir!*" to make the bailiffs think they were waiters, scudded through the back way, and *threaded* most of the lanes and allies about *Seven Dials*, where they imagined that the bailiffs must be blood-hounds indeed, if they had not lost scent of them.

As they were leaving the room, Mrs. Fisher bawled out after them ; but find-

ing that they would not stay to answer her, she said to her female companion, whom she had sent for to make up the *parti quarré*, "Blow me into a gin-shop, if they ha'nt left us the reckoning to pay, and I've no money!"

"Nor I."

Peg now returned, and told them that she had seen their friends safe off, and hoped to be treated to the share of a bottle of wine, for her intelligence.

"Aye," said Mrs. Fisher, "we may as well drink the wine and eat the supper too, for that matter; although the fellows flew off in such a tangent, that they have forgot to leave money for the reckoning; and the devil a *sneg* have we to pay it with—Have they *faith* here, Peg?"

"Till you have swallowed the supper, no longer."

"Well,

"Well, ring for the waiter, and hear what he says."

When the waiter came, Mrs Fisher told him, that the gentlemen had been obliged to go away on the most pressing business, and left word, that if they should be prevented from returning, they would call and pay the bill next day, without fail.

"I can't trust to that, ladies; I am answerable for all I bring in, and must be paid before you leave the house. If the *gemmen* were *real gemmen*, they would never have left you so—Two knowing kiddies, I'll be bound—trust to them, ey!"

"Won't you take *my* word then?" said Mrs. Fisher—"you know me."

"Yes, and therefore I'd rather take *your* money."

"Well,

“ Well, I dare say all *my uncles’* shops are not shut up ; so *pop* this gold tattler for five *quid*, and bring them to me with the duplicate.”

After the waiter was gone, Verjuice and Brian entered the room ; and Macheath never shewed greater surprise in the supper-scene, when disturbed by the entrance of the ghost, than did Mrs. Fisher betray on seeing them.

“ We beg pardon, Mrs. Fisher,” said Verjuice, “ and are afraid that we have been the occasion of disturbing the harmony of the party, and driving away the two gentlemen, by a small mistake, which this lady it seems has made, in supposing us to be sheriffs’ officers.”

“ Why, you are not the *bams* then, are you ? ”

“ We are the persons who were en-
quiring

quiring for you, and were mistaken for such by this lady."

"I smell a rat now, and faith, Peg, you were up to it."

"Well, and if I were, Moll, you know you took away my man the other night, and now I am only even with you."

"Well, gentlemen, you've had your bit of *gig* out; and now, pray, what other business might you have with me?"

"To tell you that we are no strangers to the notable scheme which you and your *light-heeled* friends were planning this afternoon at the *Star and Garter*, and to warn you, that if you should persist in your intentions of raising calumnies to sow dissensions in a certain great family——"

"No, no—I've done with it: you're too many for me. I give you my honour,
that

that I'll not only drop the business myself, but frighten Glare and Burnish out of it: and so, to drown all animosity, sit down in the places of these two *flats*, and eat up their supper; for strike me old and ugly, if I don't make them pay for it!"

"I thought you knew us better," said Verjuice, "than to ask us to stand in the shoes of *two flats*."

"No, no, 'pon honour! You think I want you to *post the poney*, but the supper is already paid for, and you may see the waiter bring the change presently."

"Aye, *my uncle's* is not far off," said Verjuice; "but we can't stop. Mrs. Peg, here are the two guineas we promised you, and a third for having played your part so cleverly. We wish you all a merry bout."

It

It was impossible to be tickled by this laughable piece of revenge more highly than Brian was: he enjoyed it the more, because Verjuice had not pre-acquainted him with his plan, but had played it off-hand.

"There now," said Verjuice, "you may not only set the Duchess's mind perfectly at rest on this business, but may make her laugh heartily at your next *tête-à-tête*."

On their return homewards, they called in Lisle-street, Leicester-square, at one of those inferior gaming-houses, whose attractions are so pregnant with ruin to clerks, apprentices, &c.; and here Brian observed things which made him thankful that he had gained too much knowledge to be entrapped, without having paid so extravagantly dear for it as some
who

who were present. Among others, there was one young man, of very genteel appearance, whose repeated losses had caused such a phrenzy, as gave his cool opponents every advantage which they could desire over him: having lost all his cash, he absolutely staked his coat against two guineas, and lost it: he then sat down in a corner, folded his arms, and sank into a deep reverie. Verjuice pointed out to Brian the advantage which the table-keepers and their associates had over the fair players; and after having marked out both sets to him, Brian began by risking a few stakes at the silver-table. He still kept on the side of the knowing ones, whom Verjuice had noted, whilst Brian was playing at the other table; and as there were plenty of *fresh-men* there that night, the table

was

was at one time covered with pigment, gold ; but, as the play proceeded, the tongue to insensibly vanished. In proportion to the pigeons lost, their desperation with it," secured their observation, that ~~bat-coat~~; plucked them in the most barefaced manner ; and by merely observing their hits, Brian won one hundred and twenty guineas, before all the cash had utterly disappeared from the table. Verjuice had also staked at certain intervals, and had won forty guineas, without much risk.

When the golden mountains had vanished, the parties looked at each other for some minutes in silence, and no one of the *fresh-men* offering to pull out any reserve, the *professors* guessed them to be thoroughly *cleaned out*, and rose up at once from the table. The youth who had lost his coat was so buried in gloom, that

it a convulsive grasp of acknowledgment, his heart being too full for his tongue to give utterance to its sentiments.

“Come, let me help you on with it,” added Brian, stripping off the great-coat; and then, putting an arm within his, he led him off, followed by Verjuice, who had never spoken a word all this time. Brian led the way to Wright’s hotel, in Soho-square, where he was assured of entrance, although the morning was pretty far advanced; and having ordered supper, he began to rally the youth upon his eagerness for play, which had prevented his observing the shuffling of the *professors* and *artists*, which could not have escaped his eye in cool moments. The youth stared wildly in his face, and answered mournfully—“I did observe their tricks, but I was indifferent to them, through

through despair of ever retrieving my lost money and character, which must doom me to the fate I have——”

“ I guess what you mean,” said Brian; “ but beware, young man, of rushing into the presence of your Creator uncalled. What are the few ills to which your imprudence may perhaps have doomed you to bear in this short life, to an eternity of misery ?—Forgive me the expression, but suicide is the resort of cowards.”

The youth started, rose up vehemently, and pulling off the great-coat, exclaimed : —“ There, Sir, I free myself of any load of obligation to you, and am now at liberty to demand satisfaction for an imputation——”

“ Which your own rashness, impudent boy, justly deserves,” cried Verjuice, rising, and pulling him down on his chair.

——“ Hear

—"Hear me, Sir; despair renders men testy, and makes them see an insult, in what a man of sobriety would deem salutary advice. My friend could have had no intention to bring you hither, to add to your present pressure by unmanly insult; he feels for you, perhaps from having narrowly escaped shipwreck on the same shoals. Be candid, Sir; tell us the difficulties under which you labour, without the least reserve: I have read my friend's intentions to rescue you from perdition, and will second them, if you will put it in our power."

The youth now burst into tears, and confessed that he was the son of Sir Jacob Thrum, a wealthy knight of Ewel, in Surrey, who had placed him in the counting-house of an underwriter in London; and having had the misfortune

to fall in with an artful woman, who had put him upon making free with his master's cash, he had resorted to the gaming-table to make it up, but had only trebled the deficiency.

“Why not apply to your father, who you say is wealthy, and ingenuously confess your errors to him?” demanded Verjuice.

“He is indeed very rich, Sir; but having raised his fortune entirely on economy and industry, he is very parsimonious; and no crime could be, in his eyes, greater than a want of them: I dare never look either him or my master in the face again.”

“What is the sum total of your deficiency?”

“Little short of three hundred pounds; and to-morrow I must make up my cash-book,

hook, or close accounts before it arrives."

"By ten o'clock you may be enabled to do so, as the banks will be open; and I am afraid my friend and self have not enough about us to make up the whole. But let us see what we have."

Verjuice and Brian could muster only two hundred and thirty pounds, which Verjuice told the youth should be lent to him; and he would moreover give him a check for what more he wanted to clear himself, provided he would solemnly engage never to hazard a bet until it was repaid.

The youth instantly dropped on his knees, pronounced fervently the promise, then seized Verjuice's hand, and bathed it with his tears, calling him his second father. Then turning round, he

approached Brian, who prevented his repeating his humiliation, by catching him in his arms, and saying, "No more of this, Sir—be a man : your errors will be blessings to you, if they cause you to forswear them in future. Apply yourself to the lucrative pursuits for which your father has destined you, and you will soon be enabled to discharge this trifling obligation."

Verjuice in the mean time was writing the check, which having given to the youth, and taken his acknowledgment for the money, and also his master's and father's addresses, he desired that not another syllable might be said on the business, by either party.

After a good supper and an excellent glass of punch, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning, they all slept at
the

the house; the youth having, before he retired, taken leave of his benefactors, as he wished to return home before his master should be out of bed, to prevent even a suspicion of his misconduct.

It may seem strange, that a man of Verjuice's cynical disposition should have joined in such an act of benevolence; but his true character will be developed in proper time.

CHAP. III.

Epsom Races—An Act of Gallantry—Love and Jealousy—A Race-Ball—A female Fox-hunter—A Sketch of her History—Character of her bit of Blood of a Son, and of a Fox-hunting Fellow of a College, his Tutor.

THE season of Epsom races was now approaching, and our friends went down thither about a week previously, to take soundings, as the seamen phrase it, and lay their bets accordingly. Verjuice attended the exercise of the horses in training, and plied the grooms so well, that
he

he wormed out of them some secrets, which, with the knowing ones, are termed valuable ones. The horse of a certain r——l D——e was matched to run; and, to the no little surprise of Brian, he saw Mrs. Fisher appear on the ground, in an elegant chariot, with footmen in the liveries of H— R—— H——, under whose protection she had been lately taken.

Verjuice's return to the turf was hailed by all his old acquaintance, among whom were several of the nobility; and he actually betted one thousand pounds with the r——l D——e, of which he told Brian he should go his half. The sum would have appeared to the latter to be too great to be risked at once, but for his reliance on Verjuice's information, which proved to be well grounded: his

D 3

partner,

partner, however, in the interval, felt many of the uneasy sensations of a novice.

The day of trial arrived, and the Duke's horse won the first heat. Brian was all over in a tremor, which did not diminish on his favourite's winning the second. The third heat was about to begin; the riders had left the scales, mounted their horses, and were waiting the signal to start; the horses were impatient, and Brian no less so, when his ears were assailed by the shrieks of female voices; and turning round, he thought that they proceeded from a chariot, with which the horses, having been imprudently left by the driver, were galloping off at full speed. Our adventurer instantly forgot his former anxiety, and galloped off, in a direction to cross and stop them. Getting

ting a-head of them, he was turning round, when the chariot-horses ran against him, and threw him to a considerable distance. All three of the horses fell, but happily Brian received no material injury: he sprang up, ran to the chariot-horses, and luckily seized the reins, just as they were got on their legs, and appeared to be meditating another course; he restrained them with the greatest difficulty, till the driver ran up, and remounted; then opening the chariot-door, to assure the ladies, who were two in number, of their safety, he found one of them in hysterics; and on getting a view of her face, instantly recognized Miss Charlotte Hewson. Grasping her in his arms, he lifted her out of the chariot, where, with the air and the aid of her companion's fan and smelling-bottle, she soon

gave symptoms of recovering. On opening her eyes, and beholding the well-known and never-forgotten features of Brian, she stared wildly, closed them again, and appeared to be relapsing; but the shock was only momentary. She continued faint, however, for several minutes, during which the happy Brian pressed her to his breast, and contemplated her face with the utmost anxiety and tenderness.

The heat being finished; several of the spectators, who had not moved from their stations before through humanity, now began to approach them through curiosity. To avoid their impertinence, Miss Hewson faltered out a short effusion of gratitude to her preserver, as did also her fair companion, who observed that her father's house was at a very short distance

tance from the race-ground, and insisted that he should call before he left Epsom, and receive their thanks for his gallantry, when they could be more at their ease.

Having received a card of address, Brian reseated the ladies in the carriage, which drove off, having taken the liberty, in so doing, to give a gentle pressure to Miss Hewson's hand. He continued looking after the vehicle, which contained his whole happiness, till he received a hearty slap on the shoulder from Verjuice—"What the devil!" cried he, "I brought you to Epsom, as a *knight of the post*, but you have turned a knight-errant upon my hands!—Pray, who are the *dulcineas* whom you have just extricated from their perilous situation, at the risk of your *woful countenance*?"

“ One of them;” replied Brian, “ is my heaven-upon-earth; and this card will inform you who the other is.”

The instant Verjuice had cast his eye on the card, to which Brian had hitherto paid little or no attention, he exclaimed —“ Mighty odd indeed ! This address is the very same as that which the young man who lost his coat in Lisle-street, gave us as his father’s; and the young lady who gave this to you, is, according to probability, his sister—aye, ’tis the very same—*Sir Jacob Thrum, Knight, Ewel, Surrey.* Well, it lies in our road homewards; and by giving you her address, the lady certainly intends that you should do yourself the honour of waiting upon her, and receive the proper acknowledgments for your Quixotism.— But, zounds, man, you look as if you had
lost,

lost, instead of having won five hundred pounds !”

These sounds roused our adventurer, who had wholly forgot the match, and even the horse he had rode upon, which had galloped off, and judiciously entered the stable of the very inn at Epsom, at which they had put up. Guessing that it had taken the London Road, they returned to Epsom, where their trouble was soon ended on that account.

In the evening, there was a race-ball, which was attended by an assemblage of ladies; but as Miss Hewson was not present, our adventurer had no eyes for any of them. The dances had scarcely commenced, before Brian was struck by perceiving their Lisle-street acquaintance enter the room. He no sooner caught the eyes of his friends, than he started ;

but instantly made up to them, and declared his happiness at seeing them—
“You will now have an opportunity,” added he, “of knowing that I have not deceived you, as you must promise me to call at my father’s on your return.”

“Why, to tell you the truth,” replied Brian, “if we had not seen you, we should have called, having received this card of address, and the honour of an invitation from a young lady, whom we presume to be your sister.”

“You are then,” cried Augustus Thrum, “the person who preserved my sister and her friend from being killed in the chariot this morning?”

“I had indeed the happiness of stopping the career of the horses.”

“Oh what a load of obligation do my parents owe you! but for you, perhaps, they

they would have been at this moment childless !”

“No more of that,” cried Verjuice.

“Well, but how are the ladies ?” demanded Brian eagerly.

“Oh, well enough : the doctor took off a little blood from them, and sent them a quieting draught : he gave us hopes moreover, that, by proper attention, they might be quite out of any danger in a week, or fortnight at farthest ; but, *entre nous*, they wished him at the devil, and thought themselves well enough to have been here this evening, as they expected to have been ; and I am now extremely sorry for their disappointment, as I might have had the pleasure of introducing you as my own particular friend.”

Here Augustus could not help again
launching

launching into grateful effusions for services rendered to himself and sister, when he was checked by a *psha!* from Verjuice.

It may seem rather unaccountable to the reader, who has never experienced the thrilling pangs of real love, that Brian should have all at once become very reserved and gloomy towards Augustus; but the *green-eyed monster* had seized upon him. Augustus was a youth of the most prepossessing figure and manners, and from Miss Hewson's visit at his father's house, an inference might be drawn that the families were on an intimate footing; but the lynx-eyed lover thought he could see farther, and jumped at once into a conclusion, that there must be a treaty on the *tapis* for the union of Miss Hewson and Augustus Thrum. As
he

he answered not a syllable to Augustus's friendly advances, the latter continued—

“ You must promise to give us a call—the girls will amuse you. One is my sister, to be sure, but she is allowed to be a fine girl, of the giddy, hair-brained sort ; and I should be very happy that she could engage my friend to be my brother-in-law. Her female friend is perhaps handsomer, is a most amiable girl, and——”

“ Is intended for your partner in life, I suppose ?” cried Brian peevishly.

“ Why, many people have indeed thought so,” replied Augustus, “ from the intimacy between the families ; but I have often heard the young lady declare, that she was resolved against marriage, and that her father had promised never to press the subject on her. It is a pity ; but she is very serious and thoughtful,
almost

almost to gloominess. I once jestingly told her, that one so young and charming could never be so bent against marriage, and be so *sombre*, unless she had met with some disappointment in love. I observed the tear starting into her eye, as she turned her head aside, and have never touched that string since."

The blood forsook our hero's face, at the latter part of this speech; but it presently returned, on the approach of her Grace of Fallowland, who familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, and said—"I shall expect you to take me down the next dance."

Augustus stared, at hearing Brian answer—"Your Grace does me infinite honour—I shall attend you."

Her Grace then nodded to Verjuice, and drew him aside.

"Your

“ *Your Grace!*” repeated Augustus—
“ Oh, oh! then, if my sister and her friend were here, they need not have looked to you for a partner, as *commoners’* daughters stand but little chance against *Duchesses.*”

“ You were never more mistaken in your life; for I would resign all the *Duchesses*, nay, the *Queens* in the world, for Miss Hewson.”

“ So, so, then!—You know the lady’s name, and perhaps her family too?”

“ My impatience to do justice to Miss Hewson has betrayed me; but to you, who are yourself ingenuous, why should I be reserved? Once I had the honour and happiness of being intimately acquainted with Mr. Hewson and his daughter; nay, I had the blissful expectation of—but so delightful a prospect was
snatched

snatched from my eyes, through my own unworthiness."

"Oh, my preserver! I cannot believe that it was your *unworthiness*—some misunderstanding rather——"

"No, I repeat, my *unworthiness*; nothing short of the most forcible reasons could ever have induced Mr. or Miss Hewson to change their opinion once formed of a person. Had I not once had Heaven in view, I had not now been the wretch I am."

The last words were uttered with such emotion as startled Augustus, who said—

"My dear friend, my eyes are now opened: you may depend on all my family's assistance to heal the breach; and the service which you have just rendered to Miss Hewson, must of itself be sufficient to incline her and her father to a
reconciliation,

reconciliation, even if a certain little fluttering portion of the human breast did not render such an auxiliary unnecessary. And, now I think of it, appearances are much against her; for, while my giddy sister cried you up for an angel, she was wholly silent, as if afraid to trust her tongue with your praises, lest it should betray the secret of her heart—Yes, it must be so.”

Brian would have given the world to have continued the subject of his adored Charlotte, and was never less inclined to gallantry than at that moment, when he was summoned by her Grace. As the rule was to change partners every third dance, Brian, imagining the honour might be gratifying to young Augustus, requested her Grace to honour his friend with her hand; and after her Grace had eyed

eyed the youth, and assented, Brian introduced him to her. He himself sat down with Verjuice, who entertained him with some anecdotes of his own knowledge, and others which he had just gleaned from the Duchess, of the company present.

A female character now entered the room, whose eccentric appearance instantly struck Brian so forcibly, that Verjuice had no occasion to point her out to him. She was dressed in a riding-habit, with laced half-boots, a spur on her left heel, and a whip in her hand: she was a fine figure, and her face still evinced her youthful beauty; but it was masculine, sun-burnt, and strongly partook of the energies of her mind. She lounged through the room, talked loud, and was at once the object of curiosity,
of

of admiration, and of envy, with all her sex.

Verjuice perceiving the object of his friend's attention, gave him the following description of her: "That lady is the relict of Sir Harry Spanker, who broke his neck in a fox-chase. Her Ladyship was the only child of a gentleman of large fortune, who having no son to bring up to his favourite pursuits of hunting and shooting, was delighted to see his daughter prefer partaking with him in those sports, to the usual routine of female education and employments. At the age of fifteen, Miss Diana could clear a five-barred gate, was in at the death, and reckoned one of the best shots in the country. From these pursuits, her mind became as masculine as her frame; she said and did whatever struck

struck her fancy, without paying the least regard to the opinion of the world, which she always professed to treat with sovereign contempt.

“ Meeting with Sir Harry at a fox-chase, he made an impression on her heart, by taking a leap, in which he threw out all the rest of the field except herself; and her prowess made no less impression on him. They were united; and her Ladyship first entered in life, by accompanying her husband to town. Although she submitted to the rules of fashion so far as to go to operas, to give routs, and to attend them, she was quite out of her element, until the season of retiring to the country gave her an opportunity of renewing her favourite amusements. At first, her behaviour was stigmatized, by her own sex, as vulgar, monstrous,

monstrous, shocking, brutal ; but when they saw her in Hyde Park, mounted on her favourite hunter, the admiration of the other sex, their sneers were converted first into envy, afterwards into admiration and emulation—her riding-hats, habits, boots and spurs, were all the rage.

“ The Baronet broke his neck, as I have said before, and expired in her arms, sincerely lamented by her. Her son, the present Sir John, followed the bent of his parents, and is now become a Nimrod in the country, one of the Four-in-hand Club in town, a jockey at the race-courses, a *bore* at all public places, and a *pigeon* at the faro-tables : he is also famous for drawing straws, and racing maggots for hundreds ; and lately rode a donkey-match against time, to the great envy of his fellow-sportsmen.

For

For this celebrity he is no less indebted to the example of his parents, than to their discernment of his genius, and choice of a tutor proper to call them forth into action.

“ The Reverend Peter Scentwell was a clerical buck, and a cassocked huntsman : it is true, that the greatest part of his residence at the University, was so employed in doing menial offices for young men of fortune, in hopes of their future patronage, that he knew nothing of divinity ; but then his fearless leaps, his science in horseflesh, his ability to stagger off with three bottles of wine, and his wonderful imitations of a pig, an ass, a razor-grinder at work, rendered him the delight of the college, and marked him down for promotion.— Luckily for him, in one of their convivial

vivial fits he was pushed into a gravel-pit by Sir Harry Spanker; and he regarded a dislocation of his shoulder as the happiest accident of his life, as it entitled him to a future provision. This claim and his merit were not forgotten; and he was appointed tutor to the Baronet's son, until a living, to which he held the presentation, should become vacant.

“He executed this honourable trust so entirely to the satisfaction of Sir Harry and his Lady, that the fond parents beheld, with a delight almost bordering on envy, the expansion of their son's genius. At sixteen he could leap a five-bar gate, a fifteen-feet ditch, hunt a pack of hounds, break, bleed, and cure them of the mange, knit nets, make fishing-lines and artificial flies, and put a lash to a whip: at every thing of the kind which he took in hand,

he was deemed a *hopeful lad*. His father had the happiness of witnessing all these promises of a rising genius before his death, and his mother continued, after that event, to encourage his efforts; and the Reverend Peter Scentwell is now retained as a companion of the Baronet, having accomplished him in every art of which he himself was master, except the science of biting his friends, a science in the superiority of which he was greatly envied by the Baronet. In making up and packing off a horse for five times its real value, the reverend gentleman stands unrivalled, and derives no small addition to his income from that source: he is no less famous for breaking-in pointers, one of which, under his training, is eagerly purchased at fifteen or twenty guineas; at which price he obliges his friends, and
those

those only, with parting with it. To put the finishing stroke to the Baronet's education, he is now engaged, not in a tour of Europe, but a sporting tour in the north of England, whence his mother now expects him daily to return a *first-rate character*."

CHAP. IV.

A ticklish Situation, or Virtue in Danger—An Epicure—The Trials of Love—Character of a Baronet, a Knowing One, and a Captain in the Army.

WHEN the ball was at a conclusion, and the ladies began to disperse, the gentlemen who intended to remain at the inn that night were making parties for suppers and cards; and Verjuice would have had Brian join them, but her Grace insisted that they should both give her their company.

Soon

Soon after supper, Verjuice made a pretence for quitting the room, and left our hero and her Grace *tête-à-tête*. The circulation of the blood, occasioned by the mazy dance, had thrown an uncommon lustre over her Grace's face—her eyes, at all times bright, were more animated than usual; and after our hero had encountered their fire half a dozen times, he began to be sensible of their effect, in dispersing his own torpidity.

On her Grace's reminding him of the scene at Richmond, and saying that his Grace had as yet heard nothing of the matter, Brian said he never would, and related the successful scheme of Verjuice with as much *naïveté* as he was master of, which occasioned much mirth. The conversation then naturally slid into the other matters which had been there dis-

cussed between them; and Brian's sensibility was awakened by her Grace's hinting that she was to tarry at the inn that night, having no acquaintance in the neighbourhood. Whether our adventurer seized this hint to his own advantage or not, shall be left to the reader to guess, as we shall only say that, on Verjuice's returning to the room at a late hour, he was told that the lady and gentleman had retired to their *separate apartments*, and he instantly followed their example.

The reader will now take the trouble to travel to Sir Jacob Thrum's seat, where Augustus, on his return thither, found the family gone to bed, except the groom and footman, who were waiting up for him. The next morning, he introduced the subject of his friends, by saying he
had

had seen at the ball the gentleman who had rescued his sister and Miss Charlotte from their perilous situation; and he perfectly coincided in all his sister's eulogies on him, having had the pleasure of being in his company before, and entertaining a very great respect for him. As he pronounced these words, he looked towards Charlotte, as if accidentally; but her eyes were fixed on the ground, and a blush overspread her cheeks.

"Well, well," said Sir Jacob, "the best way of shewing our gratitude will be by asking him to dinner; and luckily, at the present time, I believe our house will afford a tolerable bill of fare."

"What he will prefer before any delicacies in the world," said Augustus, glancing at Charlotte, who was playing on the floor with her foot.

"Aye, what is that?" demanded Sir Jacob—"men have different tastes, and as you seem to be acquainted with the gentleman's, we will try to have it on the table. I am sorry we have no turtle; but we have venison, carp, and game, in plenty."

Lady Thrum smiled, but said nothing.

"I assure you, Sir," said Augustus, "that he is a man of great connexions, for the Duchess of Fallowland singled him out for a partner; and after he had gone down two dances with her, he prevailed on her to honour me, as his particular friend, with her hand."—(Charlotte now quitted her seat, and walked towards the window)—"I was very sorry that I could not make one of their supper-party, to which her Grace invited me with him."

Charlotte

Charlotte observed, that a little air would relieve her; and drew Miss Thrum off with her into the garden.

“ Well, but,” cries Sir Jacob, “ you have not told wherein your friend’s taste lies, that the cook may have proper orders.”

“ Oh !” replied Augustus, “ his taste in eating is similar to your own—the venison, carp, and a little game, will be the very things.”

“ Well then, my dear, you will please to see that nothing is spoiled; and do you, Augustus, go with our compliments, and bring your friend to us. You know I like my dinner precisely at two; but as the races will not be over, I will stay my stomach with a bit of a snack till four: and, hark ye, if you could prevail on the Duchess to come with you, it

would raise the respect of the neighbourhood."

Lady Thrum and Augustus instantly set out, the former for her kitchen, and the latter for the race-ground. Brian joyfully accepted an invitation to dine in company with Charlotte; but no sooner had Augustus expressed his father's wish for the honour of her Grace's being of the party, than he changed colour, and desired Augustus not to hint a syllable of it to her, as he knew she would be otherways engaged. To prevent an accident of the kind, he kept Augustus in sight whilst the sport lasted, and drew him away with Verjuice, so soon as it was finished.

On entering Sir Jacob's mansion, our hero's heart fluttered with a thousand emotions, and he was afraid of not being sufficiently

sufficiently master of himself, in the presence of his Charlotte. He received the acknowledgments of Sir Jacob, his Lady, and their daughter, and returned them with equal politeness; but Charlotte was not present, nor did he care to inquire about her.

Dinner was at length announced, and Charlotte made her appearance, dressed in the most simple, though elegant style: she paid her respects to the company, and to Brian, but without daring to encounter the looks of the latter. Luckily Sir Jacob was wholly occupied in examining the dishes, as they were placed on the table, and Lady Thrum in doing the honours of the house, to pay attention to any thing else. Verjuice and Augustus had their cues, and Miss Thrum was engaged opposite to a mirror, so that the

lovers had opportunity to recover themselves a little from their mutual confusion: it was however renewed, by the Knight observing he was sorry they were deprived of the honour of her Grace's company. Verjuice, perceiving Brian's uneasiness, took upon him to be the spokesman, and said, that it was himself who had had the honour of introducing his friend, Mr. Bonnycastle, to her Grace's acquaintance, and that he was assured that he could have prevailed on her Grace, if she had not been pre-engaged.

"Well, well," cried the Knight, "her Grace may fare worse, for the carp appears to be stewed admirably; and if the venison and fowl be done equally well, we need not wish ourselves at the London Tavern for a dinner."

Notwithstanding the Knight's oration
in

in praise of the dishes, no one seemed to second him heartily in their demolition, except Verjuice, who did them ample justice. The Knight had no sooner taken the first mouthful, than he was too fully occupied to let a syllable escape his lips, except now and then such exclamations as—*Excellent, 'pon honour!—Done to a turn!—Fine flavour!—Let me recommend a trial of the venison!—Hob or nob with any lady or gentleman;* whence the reader may presume him to have been an epicure, as indeed he was.

After the cloth was removed, and the ladies had taken a glass of wine, they withdrew, and the Knight took the head of the table and the lead in conversation, as he was no niggard of his words, except when his mouth was engaged in the vocation of eating. He appeared to have

“ My father’s heart harbours no malice, Sir.”

“ I know it well—justice abides there; but stern justice may at times be tempered with sweet mercy. Let me at least enjoy the consolation of knowing that I have your forgiveness.”

“ You have never injured me, Sir.”

“ Say however, on my knees I entreat it, that I have not wholly lost your esteem: the judge does not pass the last harsh sentence of the law on the worst of criminals, without recommending him to the eternal mercy.”

“ Mr. Bonnycastle, I am sensible that you possess many excellent qualities; your friends could only have wished somewhat more stability to have been added to them: and now, Sir, I must entreat, nay insist, that an end is put to this subject,

subject, to which I can listen no longer. There is, however, a business of your own, which should be mentioned to you. A countryman brought to our house a letter addressed to you from your father, which, as we were ignorant of your address, he took away again, desiring, if we should see you, that we would direct you to ask for Giles Thornback, under-ostler at the George and Blue Boar inn, Holborn : there is also another letter left for you by my brother, which he particularly requested might be forwarded to you. Will you send for it, or shall it be sent to you ?”

“ Oh, Miss Hewson, why am I deprived of the happiness of being permitted to call in person for it ?”

“ It may not be, Sir ; I entreat you not to think of it—our conversation must

now

now end. Whither must my brother's letter be sent?"

Brian wrote his address with a pencil, and Charlotte immediately went in search of Augustus and his sister, nor would admit of another word on the subject nearest to Brian's heart.

On rejoining them, Augustus observed Brian's countenance, on which he could read disappointment and despair strongly depicted. He had given some hints to his sister of the situation of the lovers, and pressed her to join in the attempt to effect a reconciliation between them, which she had readily promised, but assured him that they must proceed in the most cautious manner, as from her knowledge of Miss Hewson's disposition, she would resist every open attempt to bias her inclination: they affected, therefore,
a total

a total ignorance of any former acquaintance between their friends, and endeavoured to give to the conversation a lively turn.

They were at length summoned to the tea-table, and Lady Thrum proposed, as that night would be the last of the balls, they should all attend. Charlotte declared herself unable, through indisposition from her late fright; and as Miss Thrum could not leave her alone, the design was given over, to the great satisfaction of Brian, as he knew her Grace would be present.

Sir Jacob and his family pressed Brian and Verjuice to pass the night under their roof. Verjuice seemed willing to comply; but Brian, on consulting Miss Hewson's looks, read so unequivocal a disinclination, that he feigned particular business,

business, and rose to take his leave. Sir Jacob insisted on the promise of another visit, before Brian and Verjuice returned to London; which being received, and compliments over, they set out for Epsom, accompanied by Augustus.

Although her Grace had never once thought of engaging our adventurer to be of her dinner-party, yet she expected him as a matter of course; and was not a little angry at the disappointment, as she testified by her looks, when they met. Brian apologized, by pleading a prior engagement with his friend Augustus, who confirmed the assertion in a way that satisfied her Grace, by assuring her, that Brian had withstood the pressing instances of his father and family, to pass the night under their roof, for the sole purpose of returning to Epsom.

Our

Our adventurer danced with her Grace, as on the preceding evening ; but his air was so distracted, and even ungallant, that she could not avoid noticing it, and observing that she feared she had committed a fault, and converted the attention of an admirer into a matrimonial sort of inattention. This inuendo roused him, and he endeavoured to assume gaiety, but not very successfully ; it was indeed a fortunate circumstance for him that Miss Hewson was not present, as he would have laboured under an insupportable degree of embarrassment.

At a late hour, Brian was rather surprised to behold Captain Fascine, his antagonist Sir Charles Rushlight, and his friend Mr. Shadow, enter the ball-room. The former came up, and shook Brian by the hand in the most friendly manner ;
and

and the Baronet and Shadow followed the example, asking what sport at the races, as they had not attended, and had only come out of town that morning, on an excursion?

The Baronet had received, like many other heirs of great estates, a very trifling education, and had been very niggardly endowed by Nature; the few accomplishments which he had contrived to pick up, were consonant to the vanity and weakness of his mother and himself, and merely superficial. At an early period of life, he had fallen into the snares of gamesters, in which his *friend* Shadow had artfully engaged him, by warning him against such pursuits, of which however he drew the most seducing picture, and piqued the Baronet's vanity, by the most insidious doubts of his being ever
able

able to make a figure that way. This management had the desired effect, and determined the youth to make a trial: the consequences were, that his ready money flew, his timber disappeared, and the estates themselves were so deeply mortgaged, that the remainder afforded but scanty means to support the figure which the Baronet and his ancestors had maintained. Like the lance of Achilles, pride, which had inflicted the wound, brought the remedy: not being able to endure the mortification of retrenching before the eyes of his former acquaintance, he sequestered himself from the world for some years, and lived so economically as to clear his estates; he then returned to the world, for which he sighed, but armed with so much caution and prudence, that Shadow, of whose real character

character he was still ignorant, could never induce him to venture beyond a certain point: in short, his pursuits were now more prudent, though less honourable, as he scrupled not to prey upon others, as he had been once preyed upon. The reader can want no more insight into Mr. Shadow's character, who had shared deeply in the Baronet's purse with his adversaries, and established a fortune on his losses.

The Captain entered the army with a moderate income, and as all his hopes of preferment depended on his acquiring a knowledge of his profession, he had applied himself indefatigably to the duties of it; he had moreover exchanged into a regiment ordered abroad on actual service, with a young officer, who had sufficient interest to procure preferment
whilst

whilst lying inactive at home, and who relished parade-service better than that in a burning climate, as he had no ear for the whizzing music of cannon and musket-balls.

Fascine was a man of some sound erudition, although too lively for the deeper researches into literature; and his character and manners were unexceptionable in every point, save his being a professed *amateur* of duelling, which he had imbibed from joining a regiment, the greater part of whose officers were Irish. This propensity had risen to so extraordinary a height, that he regarded an affair of honour as a mere frolic, and was equally ready to stand as principal as second. Nevertheless, his temper may be said to have been most amiable, as were his manners inoffensive; for, never put-

ting up with the slightest offence offered to himself without a suitable apology, no man was ever more cautious of giving one to another.

The Duchess retired immediately after the assembly was over, on account of her intention to set out early the next morning for town; and Fascine solicited Brian so earnestly to join parties at supper, as did the Baronet and Shadow entreat Verjuice, with whom they had been formerly well acquainted on the turf, that they could not well refuse.

After supper, Shadow and the Captain promoted a brisk circulation of the glass, from very different motives; the former hoping to make his advantage of the ebullient of his friends at cards, and the latter from his convivial humour, as he never played nor betted. Brian had his
reasons

reasons for refraining from either ebriety or cards; so that Shadow was foiled; until three country-looking gentlemen coming in, apparently half seas over, he engaged them in a hand of whist; and Brian and Verjuice took that opportunity of retiring.

Augustus had returned home before supper, having made his friends repeat their promise of a visit on the following day.

CHAP. V.

*Diamond cut Diamond, or the Knowing Ones
queered by the Deep Ones—A Squabble—Its
ludicrous Termination, and a Cynic's Remarks
upon it—The Cynic's Character.*

VERJUICE had scarcely got into a sound sleep, before he was roused by a tremendous noise: he called to Brian, and receiving no answer (they had been obliged to put up with a double-bedded room, the house being quite full), he went to feel for him, but the bed was empty. Fearing he might be some way implicated

implicated in the disturbance, he crept to the door, and was presently relieved by the coming of his friend.

The noise rather encreasing than abating, they called for light, dressed themselves, and went to the room whence the noise issued, which was the same as they had supped in. On entering, they discovered the Captain just roused out of a sound sleep, in an elbow-chair by the fireside, and scarcely recovered from the fumes of the wine. Words had arisen between Shadow and the Baronet on one side, and the country gentlemen on the other, on account of some alledged foul play on the part of the latter. Brian was astonished at this, as he would have rather supposed that the accusation would have come from the other party ; but so it was. On inquiring into the cause of

the dispute, the Baronet asserted, that suspecting all was not fair, from his and Shadow's being continually losers, contrary to all presumable chances, he had narrowly watched their opponents, but had discovered nothing to justify his suspicions, till, fixing his eye on one of them, he saw him glance towards their companion, who was a looker-on, and observed the latter making signs against a looking-glass. The Baronet instantly threw down his cards, assigning his reasons for so doing, and insisted on having all losses refunded. Their opponents refused; and the person accused stripped, and offered to box the accuser for twenty guineas. The Baronet demanded gentlemanly satisfaction for himself and partner from the two players; and the Captain being by this time somewhat aroused, took

took part with his friends, and declared his determination to fight the by-stander, desiring Brian and Verjuice to see fair play on both sides. After considerable altercation betwixt the duellists and the pugilists, the latter agreed to refer the dispute to their pistols, on condition that, as it was nearly daylight, the meeting should take place on the race-ground, to prevent interruption.

This proposal appearing reasonable, was acceded to by their antagonists: each party began to make the necessary preparations, the Baronet by calling for his chariot for himself and friends, and the country gentlemen by ordering their horses to be brought to the door. In the bustle of preparation for this *battle-royal*, as the Captain termed it, the country gentlemen were particularly boister-

ous in cursing the ostler for delaying to bring out their horses; and slipping out singly, as if to hasten him, prevented all suspicion of their intentions.

When the Baronet's chariot was announced to be at the door, and he demanded how long it would be before the other gentlemen were ready? he was answered by a waiter—"I don't know indeed, Sir; for, on calling up the ostler, and describing the gentlemen, he says they have no horses in the stables. We know nothing of them, any more than of a hundred other persons, who introduce themselves into company on all such public occasions."

A strict search now took place over the house and premises, but they were not to be found; and the ostler cleared up the business, by saying that several persons

persons went out at the outer gateway, as he got out the chariot.

"A bite, by G——!" exclaims Shadow.

Brian burst out into a convulsion of laughter, in which he was joined by the Captain. Shadow bore all the marks of rage, and the Baronet looked silly.

"If the Baronet was not awake," said Verjuice, with a sarcastic grin, "I am surprised that Mr. Shadow should not know his men better: these three *country flats* are nothing more or less than three *London sharps*, or I know nothing of the *town*. It's all a dead hoax—the knowing ones are *queered*, that's all:—Waiter, did not these gentlemen go off in such a hurry as to forget to settle their reckoning?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The chariot is at the door," cried the Baronet, "let us set out directly for town: we may probably overtake the rascals on the road, and make them repent their playing tricks upon travellers."

"*Travellers* indeed!" quoth Verjuice; "for you will return greater flats than you came out."

"Waiter, the bill!" cries the Baronet, "or this cynical old put will bore us to death."

"How much may they have *lightened* you of?" asked Verjuice.

"A trifle—not more than sixty guineas."

"A *trifle*! Well, I am glad they have only *trifled* with you—But then it is so galling to be hoaxed."

"Waiter, the bill!"

"You

"You pay for your friends, the country gentlemen, I suppose?" continued Verjuice.

"I wish the country gentlemen at the devil, and you the fiend appointed to torment them."

The bill was now brought in, and discharged; and as the Baronet and his friends were going into the chariot, Verjuice called out—"I suppose, Sir Charles, you will scarcely boast of this adventure to your London acquaintance?"

"It may as well be put into the newspapers at once, old snarler, as be recorded in your scandalous chronicle. My only hope is, that your neck may be broke on the road, and that your first whisper of this adventure may be in the lower regions."

"Why, you will get little by that,

Baronet, as you will be *sure* to hear of it *there*."

The chariot now drove off, and Brian asked Verjuice for his real opinion on the cause of this disturbance.

"Why," replied he, "the Baronet is still a dupe, notwithstanding his dear-bought experience; and Shadow is a more finished knave than ever. I have a confused idea that I have seen these *country gentlemen* before, and that too in Shadow's company; if so, they are his colleagues, and have preceded or followed him hither, to do as much business as they could get customers for; and finding none but the Baronet at hand, they have made shift to fly off to *town* with a few of his feathers, of which Shadow will come in for his share."

"Is it not astonishing," asked Brian,
who

who had received from Verjuice, during the intervals of repose from dancing, the foregoing sketch of the Baronet's history, "that Sir Charles can so long remain ignorant of the villainous character of his pretended friend?"

"Not in the least," replied Verjuice—"his pride, and conceit of his knowledge of the world, prevent an idea that any man living can dupe him; and as pride and self-conceit are ever enamoured with flattery, of the science of which Shadow is a master, the Baronet is so delighted to hear his own praises resounded, and so blinded to his parasite's duplicity, that he pays the whole expences wherever they go together. This arrangement was occasioned by Shadow's hinting, that a man of his small income could not afford

to

to keep pace with 'one of the Baronet's large property."

"Would it not be an act of justice to give him such a hint as might open his eyes?"

"Neither justice nor charity, whilst he perseveres in his present resolution never again to injure his fortune. If there were any danger of his being drawn into any lengths, he should not want a friendly hint; but whilst he is rich, he ought to smart a little for his folly."

This conversation passed as they were again retiring to their chamber, to endeavour to get a couple of hours' rest, of which they stood in much need; and the interval offers a fair opportunity to give the reader the promised delineation of Verjuice's character. Launched upon
the

the world a child of Nature and of poverty, possessing negative virtue through the absence of vice, he might have proved a most sociable being, if unfortunately he had not seen only bad examples at his outset in life: deceived by the object of his tenderest affections, borne down by rank and wealth, early trained in the pursuits of gamesters, deceived by a pretended friend, and nearly ruined by a single fit of inebriety, it was natural for his artless mind to forswear love, friendship, and wine, and to bear an antipathy to the adventitious circumstances of birth and fortune. It was scarcely possible for a man, withdrawing within himself, refraining from every enjoyment of life, and applying his whole attention to the supply of his own wants, not to have thriven as he had done: but,

with all his apathy for what are termed the finer feelings, Nature had not deserted her seat, the human heart; and he was no misanthropist, as may be gathered from his behaviour to her Grace of Fallowland, our adventurer, and Augustus. Having experienced misfortunes himself, he felt for others in distress; and his cynical disposition was only exerted against those who sought to oppress or deceive others, to whom he would give no quarter; such as Lady M'Lackland, Miss Rachel Rappee, Sir Charles Rushlight, Shadow, Glare, Burnish, Mrs. Fisher, characters whom he thought it but justice to detect, and lash: in short, he was a foe to pride, self-sufficiency, and knavery, and a friend to merit in distress.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Character of an Epicure—Remarks on Bloomfield's Poem of the Farmer's Boy, and a Comparison between it and Thomson's Seasons—A Sonnet on a Friend's Pigsties—An Act of Humanity—A country Lad—A female Army-Agent.

AFTER breakfast, Verjuice and Brian set out for the Knight's habitation, where they were informed that Mr. Hewson had arrived on the preceding night, and finding his daughter much indisposed, had conveyed her to London that morning, accompanied

accompanied by Miss Hewson. The Knight delivered to Brian a letter, to the following effect:—

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE been informed of the important service which you have rendered to my daughter, and hope you will believe me to be as grateful for it as a parent can be. You know me too well, to suppose that I can be capable of wishing to give you the least offence, and therefore I beg you will accept the enclosed, as a trifling mark of that gratitude, and that you will believe I shall ever entertain the most sincere wish for your future welfare. I am,

“ Your obliged humble servant,

“ RD. HEWSON, SEN.

“ *To Mr. Brian Bonnycastle.*”

The

The enclosure was a check on a banking-house for five hundred pounds. Mortified as was our hero at the coldness of this epistle, and the precipitancy with which Mr. Hewson had carried off his daughter, which he construed into a wish to prevent her meeting with him, he was still more alarmed for the health of his adored Charlotte, until his fears were somewhat relieved by Augustus, who told him, he had no doubt of her indisposition being rather mental than corporeal, and such as afforded him more reason for tranquillity than solicitude; adding, that he had brought over his sister to espouse his cause.

Sir Jacob introduced his favourite topic, by expressing his hopes that his guests would relish their dinner, of which he minutely described every dish, with
the

the mode of cooking it. Brian was not only a novice, but too much engaged in other reflections, to bear a part; but Verjuice took all the trouble off his hands, and gave the Knight a full opportunity of displaying his whole stock of taste and science, until dinner was announced.

The Knight was one of those characters, the utility of whose existence might be doubted, if Providence created any thing in vain. Born of low extraction, he was apprenticed to a silk-throwster in Spitalfields; and possessing a plodding perseverance, he became a favourite with his master and mistress, the latter of whom he married after the death of the former, not from affection, for Nature had interwoven no such threads in his web, and the lady was a good thirty years older

older than himself, but because she was rich, and would make him master of a good business. Having neither of them any passion, except for the main chance, they jogged on comfortably, till death bereaved Jacob of his half, not his better one, for she left all her property to him, which sufficiently comforted him for the loss of connubial comforts.

Jacob now became a man of consequence, launched into some mercantile speculations, and walked on 'Change, with all the erectness of conscious wealth.—Finding his commercial concerns very lucrative, he disposed of his business for a handsome premium, and removed into the heart of the city, where he progressively became common-councilman, alderman, and sheriff: happening, during the latter office, to carry up an address
to

to the Throne, he received the honour of knighthood. His alliance would now have been rejected by few city families; and conceiving that he had formed an attachment to the present Lady Thrum, then Miss Pearson, the only daughter of a rich Turkey merchant, matters were soon concluded.

Sir Jacob, being now pretty well glutted with money, began to shew the versatility of his talents, by acquiring a connoisseurship in aldermanic *gourmanderie*; and engaged a man, who had been cook during two mayoralties, to act in the double capacity of his cook and preceptor. His Lady, who was a woman of sound understanding, being well aware of the restlessness of a vacant mind, was glad to find her husband's veer towards a taste which could be but harmless in a person

person of his vast wealth, and made it the study of her life to consult his appetite, and qualify herself to gratify it. Hence Count Rumford's essays, treatises on the arts of carving and cookery, and the making of preserves, pickles, confectionary, and pastry, composed nearly one-fourth of the family library, the Knight himself using no other books, except the Ready Reckoner, and now and then the Bible and Common Prayer-book: he insisted that all other books were useless, although he allowed some works of taste to his wife and daughter; but he was sure to fall asleep whenever a page of either of them was read in his presence.

Such was the Knight, and happy were his family to keep him such as he was; for he once talked of becoming a parliament-man,

liament-man, and would have persisted in exposing himself to universal ridicule, if his lady had not adroitly turned him off, by assuring him that his indispensable attendance in the House of Commons would deprive him of a comfortable dinner during more than half of each year, as the jobbing members fasted and talked for years, to be enabled to eat during the rest of their lives, of which he had no occasion. He now never sat down to a good dinner, without blessing himself for not being a parliament-man.

Brian deemed it essential to his chief object to ingratiate himself with this family, and he resolved to exert himself to that end. Notwithstanding his awkwardness at his first introduction into high life at Lady M'Lackland's, he had received

ed an excellent education under the tuition of his father, and was very well read in the *belles-lettres*; so that, with this ground-work, there needed only attrition with persons of fashion, to rub off the rust of country breeding and a London counting-house, and to give a high-wrought polish to the superstructure.—At Sir Jacob's he felt more at ease, as some of his *mauvaise honte* had been dissipated: he was conscious of possessing more than sufficient literature to converse with her Ladyship; and as for the Knight, he had only to use unqualified praise of his entertainment. He therefore charmed the Knight, his Lady, and son, and astonished Verjuice, who had attributed the depression of disappointed love to a natural reserve and consciousness of inferiority, the grand obstacles to

out of my head, and tag them together—not above a week, or ten days at farthest: I remember they were much liked. Whilst my Lady helps me to a plate of the apple-pie, I'll try if I can't recollect them."

Placing both his hands on that rotundity which was the depository of his delicacies, throwing his head on his right shoulder, and his left eye up to the ceiling, his lips began to move, and his head to nod, as he proceeded. Her Ladyship blushed, filled a plate in a trice, and held it out to him, to prevent his exposure of himself; Brian dropped his knife and fork, and Verjuice rested on his; all were in breathless expectation. At length the Knight broke out—"Yes, yes, I've got 'em—*A Sonnet* (so I think we called it) *on a Friend's Pigsties*.

'Sir

' Sir Joseph's grains his hogs made fat;
The hogs made Joseph fat again;
My panting heart went pit-a-pat,
To think what streaks of fat and lean.

' Gammons and chines they must afford,
Companions fit for turkies roast,
Fine as e'er smok'd on Lord May'r's board,
Or King's, spite of Westphalia's boast.

' And yet it made me cry,
As I lean'd o'er the sty,
To think Joseph and I,
As well as hogs, must die.'

There, does that Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um,
the Farmer's Boy, beat that?"

Brian and Verjuice were obliged to stifle their laughter, for fear of wounding her Ladyship's feelings, who gave the plate to the Knight, saying, "Here is a plate of my pie for your pig, and I am sure that my composition is the best of the two."

"Not so," answers the Knight; "for pig has always the precedence of pie, as my Lord Mayor goes before the common councilmen, or the Speaker of a certain House before his *trained bands*."

This ludicrous comparison afforded the gentlemen a fair pretence for giving a vent to their stifled laughter: her Ladyship joined in their mirth with a tolerable grace, and endeavoured to give a general turn to the conversation, as she had had enough of discussing literary subjects before her husband.

Brian was impatient to return to London, that he might send an answer to Mr. Hewson; to which the Knight and his family reluctantly consented, on his pleading urgent business, and promising that himself and friend would renew their visit, at no very distant period.

On

On their arrival at Lower Tooting, they saw some men at work on Sir Charles Rushlight's chariot, which appeared to have been considerably damaged. On inquiry, they were informed that, as the coachman was driving furiously rather before day-break, it had come in contact with a waggon, been upset, and one of the three gentlemen who were in it, then lay at the inn over the way, so very much hurt, that he could not be taken to London with his two friends, who had pursued their journey in a post-chaise. Brian alighted, and found that the injured person was Captain Fascine; on which, the Captain's humane behaviour to him at Uxbridge rushed into his mind, and he desired to be conducted to his apartment. The Captain lay in excruciating pain; but a

gleam of pleasure brightened his pallid countenance, the instant he recognised the sympathizing looks of Brian, and heard him exclaim—"My dear Captain, I hope you are not dangerously hurt."

"The surgeon tells me that my arm is broken, and he does not know whether my ribs are all whole or not."

"You shall not trust to him; I will gallop to town, and return with Mr. Handaside. If I can find him at home, we will be with you in three hours at farthest: only keep yourself as quiet as possible. Verjuice will remain with you till my return, and see that you are properly taken care of."

The Captain stretched out his bound arm, grasped Brian's hand, and gave him a faint smile of acknowledgment and satisfaction.

Having

Having explained his intentions to Verjuice in three words, Brian remounted his horse, rode to Mr. Handaside's, found him at home, got a post-chaise to the door, whilst he was preparing whatever might be necessary for the occasion, and within three hours had the satisfaction of knowing that the Captain was in the most skilful hands.

Mr. Handaside, on examining his patient and hearing his complaints, pronounced that there was no bone broken, except that of the right arm, and he had no apprehension from the bruises: the most alarming circumstance arose from the Captain's blood being in a high ferment, from his having made too free with the bottle on the preceding night; and the fever always accompanying fractures, might, in the present case, be expected

pected to be more dangerous : upon the whole, he saw nothing to despair of a speedy cure. The broken bone was set, a quieting-draught administered, and the patient left to his rest.

Verjuice wishing to return home, Brian enclosed Mr. Hewson's check in the following letter to him :—

—
" SIR,

" I HOPE the friend of my father, and the once friend and benefactor of myself, till I forfeited his esteem by my own imprudence; will see my conduct in its proper light, in returning the enclosed. It is the duty of man to succour the weaker sex ; and the act itself is a sufficient reward, even in the case of a total stranger : how high then has been my reward, in having rendered

dered a service to your daughter, I need not attempt to describe to you!—If any part of my conduct could restore me to your esteem, I should be raised from the lowest abyss of wretchedness to the most enviable pitch of human felicity: at all events, I shall ever remain, with the utmost respect,

“ Sir,

“ Your devoted servant,

“ BRIAN BONNYCASTLE.

“ *Ed. Hewson, senr. Esq.*”

This letter Verjuice undertook to deliver into Mr. Hewson's own hands; and desiring Brian to return home as soon as possible, he departed.

The Captain fell into a slumber, and continued so for some hours; awaking much refreshed, and considerably re-

lieved from his pains. Mr. Handaside continued with him till midnight, when he retired to rest, leaving Brian in the room, as he insisted on watching that night. The next morning, Mr. Handaside pronounced all symptoms favourable; and having instructed Brian how to treat the patient during his absence, he returned to London, promising to be with him again at night. Every day after dinner, Brian lay down, confiding in a nurse, of whom the people of the inn gave a good character; and every night he resumed his station at the Captain's bedside. Through the skill of the surgeon, strict attention of the attendants, and implicit obedience of the patient, the surgeon permitted him to be removed to town in a post-chaise, on the eleventh day after the accident. Brian accompanied

accompanied him, and no sooner saw him put to bed in his own lodgings, than he hastened home.

Mrs. Marsden informed him, that Mr. Verjuice had gone into Yorkshire, and would probably be absent a week or more ; at which Brian testifying some little surprise, she added, that Verjuice had an estate in that county, which generally required his presence every third or fourth year ; and this being about the time of his periodical visits, he had taken the opportunity of his friend's absence to take the journey. She then delivered to him two letters, one of which was that left for him by young Mr. Hewson, and the other came from the Duchess. The former expressed compunction for having drawn him into scenes which had terminated in such disagreeable consequences,

quences, and assured him that he had done, and would continue to do, all that lay in his power, to heal up the breach between his family and his friend; the latter was to the following laconic effect: "What can be the reason of your ungallant absence, after our understanding at Epsom? I shall expect an explanation this evening, at Lady M'Lackland's, if you deem your conduct worthy of an explanation and my forgiveness."

Brian's first step was towards Holborn, to find out Giles Thornback, who was a farmer's son in his father's parish, and had been an intimate companion of his youth. Giles received him with many awkward tokens of unbroken friendship; and after numerous inquiries concerning his health and prosperity, delivered the letter which had been entrusted to his

his care. It contained the effusions of a distressed father, on account of a son's deviation from moral rectitude, alleviated by Mr. Hewson's acknowledgment that he had been drawn aside. The good old curate expressed his hopes of his son's having seen his errors, and got into some reputable line of life; and concluded with the most ardent wishes for his welfare, both here and hereafter, in which he was joined by his other children.

Somewhat comforted by the warmth of these paternal rays, Brian inquired into Giles's situation, and promised to use his endeavours to recommend him to a better situation with some gentleman of his acquaintance; and Giles wished that the condition of his worthy young

master could have afforded him employment in his service.

Brian took leave of honest Giles for the present, with a promise to call on him again, the instant he should be able to hear of something to his advantage, and hastened to St. Mary-Axe, where, observing that the knocker of Mr. Hewson's street-door was not tied up, he consoled himself that Miss Hewson could not be seriously indisposed. As he viewed that door, which once opened freely to give him admittance, and which was now, perhaps for ever, closed against his happiness, he sighed deeply, to ease his throbbing bosom. Fearing to be perceived by any of the family, he passed quickly on, and sauntered towards St. James's Park. Just as he reached Spring-garden

garden Gate, a chariot drew up, and Mrs. Fisher descended from it. She addressed our adventurer with the greatest ease and familiarity; and putting her arm within his, said she wished to speak a word with him—"You know, my present situation in life," continued she, "puts it in my power to serve a few friends. You are a fine young fellow, and if you should like to enter into the army——"

"I have not the least inclination to do so, Mrs. Fisher."

"Well, if it will serve you, by recommending any friend of yours—you understand me?"

Brian was on his way to return to Captain Fascine, when he met Mrs. Fisher; and knowing that he was far from being rich, and consequently, as matters were generally managed, far from promotion, he

of the stage-business; but the Baronet and Shadow continually interrupted him, and expressed their surprise that he could be amused at such a d——d bore as a stale opera: if it had been a first night indeed—Brian assured them that it was a first night with him, as he had never seen an opera before, hoping that politeness might induce them to leave him to the enjoyment of it; but he only added another stimulus to their *quizzing* him, at which sport they were reckoned *dead hands*.

“As you are a total stranger then,” said the Baronet, “it is lucky we have fallen in with you, as we can amuse you with the names, abilities, and anecdotes of the different performers. That lady who is now exhibiting in a *pas seul*, is Signora ———: she lately used to make it her boast, that my Lord B——— thought

thought her charms worth the possessing, at the enormous *douceur* of *three thousand pounds*; but she lately danced to another, and a very mortifying tune, with the P———n A———r, in whose country there is such a vast profusion of female charms, as to have greatly diminished the value of that precious commodity. Having heard much talk of Eastern magnificence, she expected a lavish display of it on her prodigious merit; and is ever since quite down in the mouth, at having been put off with a paltry compliment of *forty dollars*."

In this manner the Baronet totally destroyed Brian's attention, by a series of anecdotes, which would have been highly amusing, if our adventurer had not promised himself a greater fund of entertainment from the opera, which he was
qualified

qualified to understand, from his having made himself master of the Italian language, to manage Mr. Hewson's correspondence with that country.

At length the Baronet exclaimed—
“Do you not see the Duchess of Fallowland, with whom you had the honour of dancing at Epsom?”

Brian's attention had been hitherto wholly directed to the stage, but following the glance of the Baronet's eyes, he caught those of her Grace, in which he imagined he could read somewhat of displeasure.

After the entertainment, the Baronet and Shadow would have taken Brian, to introduce him to a club at a noted house in St. James's-street; but he pleaded a positive engagement at Lady M'Lackland's, and hurried off, to throw himself
in

in the way of the Duchess, as she retired to her equipage. She noticed him, and taking advantage of the crowd, said—"I presume I shall see you to-night," and passed on.

Brian followed the carriage to Lady M'Lackland's door, and meeting her Grace as she ascended the staircase, he apologized for his absence, by relating the accident which had detained him at Lower Tooting, and assuring her that he had arrived in town only that morning.

"Well, 'well,'" replied her Grace, "ever so bad an excuse will go down from a favoured person; but remember that I shall judge of its sincerity from your future attention."

Her Grace then entered the play-rooms, and Brian followed some minutes afterwards.

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the company was very numerous, and
Lady M'Lackland was so very busily en-
gaged in her play, that she had not lei-
sure to notice any one. Our adventurer
soon perceived that something more than
common was going on, and he wished
Verjuice had been present, to have pe-
netrated the mystery; as it was, he be-
gan to task his own ingenuity to find

it

it out. Brian was not mistaken in his premises; and Verjuice would have helped him out with the deflection much sooner than he himself made it, although he succeeded tolerably well at last.

Lady M'Lackland, corrupted that all human beings were a species *fendi nature*, created only to administer to her pleasure; and Squire Western himself was not better provided with dogs for the destruction of game, than her Ladyship was with a similar kind of two-legged animals, for putting up and running down those males and females of her acquaintance who were *game*, that is, possessed of more money than sense. We have seen what the *Honourable* Miss Rachel Rappee was with the females; and among the males, Mr. Lurcher answered a similar purpose. This gentleman had

formerly been a *valet* in her Ladyship's family; but having a soul above servitude, he had commenced *man of the town*, and fallen into the scheme of hiring houses about the new squares; ordering equipages and furniture wherever they could be got on credit, disposing of them to brokers; and eclipsing himself from the too-credulous tradesmen. He had been for a long time a most active and successful partisan in this depredatory kind of warfare; but he was at length surprised in one of his stations, by an advanced guard of police-officers, and carried to Bow-street. Botany Bay would have ultimately been his destination, but for the interference of her Ladyship, who was aware of his talents, and imagined that what might be useful to herself, could never be injuri-

ous

ous to society; she therefore procured his release, on giving his *parole of honour* to the justices, and making a kind of compromise with the defrauded tradesmen, and re-engaged him in her own service, but in a very different one from his former capacity: her Ladyship stipulated to allow him a stated sum every week, and a certain per centage on all the cash which he should be the means of bringing into her exchequer. This allowance, together with a private table at her Ladyship's house, and an equipment of two of her horses and a groom, whenever his presence might be useful at Newmarket, or any of the other race-courses, enabled him to arrogate the appearance of a gentleman, and to insinuate himself into the company of young men of property, whom he drew to her

Ladyship's house, and out of whose superfluous cash the *confederates* never failed to indemnify themselves for all expenses, and to share a considerable surplus. In one of his excursions, Mr. Lurcher was happy enough to light upon a Leicestershire Baronet, of considerable property, just come of age, and eager to shew that he had attained the sense and spirit of manhood, by launching into fashionable dissipation. Sir John Goose-tree was accordingly introduced to Lady M'Lackland's this night, for the first time; and the *confederates* were all on the alert to execute the plan of attack, which had been previously and maturely concerted between them.

The Baronet's youth, his free betting, and the attention of the *confederates* (some of whom Verjuice had pointed
out

out to Brian), soon attracted his notice, and after some little observation, he was convinced that Sir John was the mark at which they aimed. Many other persons betted to a large amount; but Brian suspected most of the bets to be *nominat ones*, to excite the emulation of the Bayronet, as in fact they were. The game was *hazard*; and as the party encircled a round table, he remarked that the confederates ranged on each side of her Ladyship; so that whenever one of them was *caster*, another was sure to put the dice into the box. He also observed, that whenever there were considerable stakes depending, it was when one of the confederates held the box, who was sure to win; so that he concluded they were provided with false dice, which they slipped from one to another, under pre-

tence of receiving or paying winnings or losings, and which they kept concealed between their fingers, and conveyed with as much dexterity as any professor of legerdemain. Verjuice had informed him that this was a practice, as well as that of topping, slabbing, and other manœuvres, in which no thorough-paced gamester ever failed to make himself an adept; so that whenever they threw out, it was done on purpose to encourage those whom they were duping, and prevent their imagining that there was something more than mere chances against them.

Imagining that he had now got a sure footing, our adventurer began betting at intervals, and nicked his times so justly, as to be about three hundred pounds in pocket at the close of the evening. The

Baronet

Baronet was touched for some thousands; but Lady M'Lackland consoled him, by declaring that he was the very life and soul of play; and she hoped his spirit would be rewarded with due success another evening. The reader will know how to appreciate her Ladyship's sincerity; but her hopes, whatever they were, met with a disappointment; as, notwithstanding the vigilance of the aforesaid two-legged animal, Mr. Lurcher, another of the same species, in a similar employ, but under a different firm, carried away the Baronet to ——'s, in St. James's-street, where he was struck for *thirty thousand pounds*, and obliged to rusticate for years, to retrieve one night of town folly.

The very next morning, Brian failed not to answer his father's letter, in a way

which he deemed would be the more comforting, by informing him, that he was at present under the protection of an elderly gentleman of property, and without relations, who had promised to take care of his fortune. He assured him, that he need entertain no further uneasiness on his account, as he hoped his errors had turned out to his advantage in every other respect, except his breach with the Hewson family, whose esteem he would try by his future conduct to regain. Brian would have been happy to relieve the pressure which his father must labour under, with so large a family and so small an income, by a pecuniary remittance; but he dared not venture it at present, for fear of renewing his father's somewhat allayed apprehensions. Having performed this act of duty, he called

called at the Captain's lodgings, and found him engaged with Rushlight and Shadow.

"Eh, my dear Captain!" cried the Baronet on entering, "we have been impatient to see you, ever since Mr. Bonnycastle informed us last night at the Opera, that you were returned to town. I am overjoyed to find that my coachman's carelessness has had no worse consequences."

"The consequences, Sir Charles, were bad enough as they were; and had not Mr. Bonnycastle fortunately lighted up on me, I might not now have been in the land of the living to have told you so."

"Pon my soul, Captain, that is a clever fellow—I begin to have a prodigious liking for him: you must positively bring

him to dine with us some day. I scarcely know a prettier fellow—Do you, Shadow?”

“He appears well enough; but we know nothing of him, and I suspect him to be a mere——”

“What?” demanded the Captain impatiently.

“Why, one who lives by his wits, like myself,” replied Shadow, laughing, and thinking to come off with a joke.

“Why, let me tell you, Sir, that you do know something of him—that he is a man of spirit: I know something of him too—that he is *my* friend; and I will regard as an affront to myself, any thing spoken to his prejudice in his absence: when present, you know he can answer for himself.”

Shadow, who had rather at any time
act

act as a second than a principal in a duel, and who was well acquainted with the Captain's disposition, swore that he intended nothing less than to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Bonnycastle, whom he respected for his *genius*. The kind of genius which he meant, was perhaps no other than his own happy knack of living at other people's cost; but Brian's entrance put an end to any farther explanation. Our adventurer complimented the Captain on the improvement in his looks.

"Eh, my good fellow, and I may thank you for that: I can set down the accident only to the account of these gentlemen."

"Nay, Captain," cried the Baronet, "I would not have left you for the world;

world; but you know it was our club-night at B——'s."

"And I know too, Sir Charles, that your impatience to be with your club shall never break another arm for me, and then leave me to the enjoyment of it."

The Baronet and his appendage, finding their reception to be so cool, took their departure soon afterwards.

On leaving the door, Shadow, who dreaded the Captain, and knew that nothing could be got out of him, insinuated that he was peevish on account of his own narrow circumstances, envious of persons of commanding fortunes, and so quarrelsome, that it was worth as much as the life of a friend to keep him company. The Baronet, who had no relish
for

for fighting when he could avoid it, concurred in this opinion, and expressed a resolution to cut the Captain's acquaintance, so as not to give him offence. The Captain, however, had beforehand formed a similar resolution, which he determined to execute with little or no ceremony.

As the Captain was well enough to take a little exercise abroad, Brian adjusted his arm in a sling, and they concluded on a lounge in Bond-street. As they were strolling through it, our adventurer discerned Mr. Hewson's carriage, in which were Miss Hewson and Miss Thrum. It drew up before one of the shops, and Brian got up in time to hand the ladies out of it. Miss Thrum's face brightened with pleasure at the unexpected meeting, and Miss Hewson's languor gave way to an animated glow.

"It is to be hoped then that one or other of you ladies will reward him for it."

Charlotte blushed deeply at these words, and was much confused, when a carriage passed by, in which was the Duchess of Fallowland, who put out her head, and nodded to our adventurer.

"There is a coronet on that carriage," observed Charlotte.

"It is the Duke of Fallowland's."

"The lady in it nodded to you."

"It is her Grace, whom I have had the honour of seeing two or three times in mixed companies."

Charlotte grew all at once thoughtful and more reserved, and continued so, until getting into the Park, where the whole party could walk abreast, her friend rallied her on her taciturnity. She
then

then assumed a gaiety, but it was evidently a constrained one.

"Is not my case a hard one, Miss Hawson?" said the Captain; "I have but just recovered from a broken arm, and now I have received a shot through my heart."

"You speak very gaily, Sir, for one in so desperate a situation."

"Poh, my dear! Do not you know that the gentlemen of the army are fond of a joke?"

"Indeed, Ma'am, my case is beyond a joke."

"Then seriously, Sir, I believe your wound will be soon cured."

"Yourself must be the doctress then."

"I am a very bad one."

"I would your heart were engaged in my cure."

"Oh, Sir!"

"It

"It will soon effect itself."

"I appeal to Mr. Bonnycastle."

"Then I believe it will never be effected but by death," said Brian, with a deep sigh.

They now got in sight of the carriage, towards which Charlotte was hurrying, when the Captain asked Miss Thrum if they should never have the happiness of meeting again?

"I cannot say, Sir: I shall have some more shopping in Bond-street, and if we should chance to meet there——"

"Happy chance!" cried the Captain — "I shall stand sentry in Bond-street, and hail your coming, as the Persian magi did that of the rising sun. Adieu till then, most lovely!"

"Adieu, flatterer!"

Brian now tendered his hand to assist

Charlotte

Charlotte into the carriage; hers trembled, and he ventured a gentle pressure, which she returned unconsciously, and fell back into the seat, to hide her confusion.

"Oh, Bond-street, thou hast undone me!" cried the Captain, as he handed in Miss Thrum.

"It has undone many," said the amiable girl, laughing—"one is tempted to make very dear purchases there: I assure you, I have got rid of a twenty-pound note this morning."

"Oh, perverse one! you will not understand me."

"Let me advise you never to look for bargains there, Sir."

"I have seen one there, that I would give the world, if I had it at command, to purchase."

"That would be a dear bargain then."

And so

The

The carriage now went off, and left Brian motionless, until he was roused by the Captain, who exclaimed—"Why, man, you will draw the pickpockets about us presently, if you stick here staring, like a country fellow at St. Dunstan's clock. Come, we will eat a mutton-chop together in Spring-garden coffee-house, and there we will sit down, and, as Shakespeare says, rail against our mistresses, the world, and all our misery."

"Not so, Captain."

"Why then we will carve their names on every pannel, speak well of the world, and flatter each other with future bliss."

Whilst they were actually so employed, the following conversation took place between the ladies:—

Miss Thrum—"Well, my dear, I think we were very well off for beaux to-day."

Charlotte—

Charlotte—"They are indeed two agreeable men—What is your opinion of the Captain?"

Miss Thrum—"I think he is very facetious and entertaining."

Charlotte—"And you will throw yourself in his way again?"

Miss Thrum—"That is as much as to say that I have already done so, which you know not to be the case."

Charlotte—"But you will throw yourself in his way?"

Miss Thrum—"I shall certainly have some more shopping to do in Bond-street."

Charlotte (mimicking her friend)—"It is a very dear place; let me advise you never to look for bargains there."

Miss Thrum—"I shall look there notwithstanding."

Charlotte

Charlotte—"And you gave the Captain a hint of it."

Miss Thrum—"And I shall not be sorry to find it has not been thrown away upon him. And now, what is your opinion of Mr. Bonnycastle?"

Charlotte—"I think he is very facetious and entertaining."

Miss Thrum—"And you will throw yourself in his way again?"

Charlotte—"That is as much as to say that I have done so already, which you know not to be the case."

Miss Thrum—"But you will throw yourself in his way?"

Charlotte—"I have no shopping to do in Bond-street, and shall not go thither again in a hurry, unless indeed you should press me very much to accompany you."

Miss

Miss Thrum—"As I certainly shall, and that the first fair day. Ah, Charlotte, you are not so ingenuous with your friend, as your friend is with you! Come, come, confess."

Charlotte—"What should I confess?"

Miss Thrum—"Only that we are both caught in the same cage of rushes, as Rosalind terms it, in 'As you Like it.'"

Charlotte—"You confess it then?"

Miss Thrum—"I do."

Charlotte—"And I—Heigho!"

Miss Thrum—"For a husband."

They now drew near home, and the two friends dropped the subject, after having agreed upon a mutual confidence. Miss Hewson did not think proper wholly to conceal from her father her meeting with Brian, and she mentioned in a slight manner having met him with Captain

tain Fascine, and that they had seen her and her companion to the carriage. Her father as coolly replied, that it was very well; she owed an obligation to that gentleman, and it was only proper, whenever she should meet him accidentally, to treat him with becoming civility. Having thus, as she thought, fully satisfied her duty, her mind felt more at ease, as she did not imagine she had practised any concealment.

CHAP. VIII.

The modern Art of getting Preferment—A Dutch Sharper plucks the English ones, but is afterwards ruined by his English Ally—No Honour among Thieves.

EVERY ensuing fair morning, the Captain and Brian made Bond-street their parade; and they did not long lose their labour: the expected carriage made its appearance, and they saluted the ladies, who appeared in high spirits, and consequently made the gentlemen so.

After Miss Thrum had made some trifling

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ling purchases, the Captain observed, that there was to be a grand review of the three East India volunteer regiments in Hyde Park that morning, and expressed his hope to have the pleasure of escorting the ladies thither. Miss Thrum replied, that it was some time since she had enjoyed a sight of Hyde Park, much less of a review ; and declared her willingness to go, if it was agreeable to her friend. Charlotte signified her acquiescence, provided they could be back to dinner : and the gentlemen having handed them into the carriage, were about to attend it on foot, but Miss Thrum told them there was room. They seized the hint, and directed the coachman to drive through the square to Grosvenor-gate.

His Majesty and several of the royal Dukes were present ; and the sight was
very

very fine, as these regiments are exceeded by few, if any, of the regular ones in discipline, and afford a proof of the height to which the volunteer system may be carried.

As they were walking round to get different points of view, our adventurer was disagreeably surprised at seeing Mrs. Fisher beckon to him from her carriage. As she had caught his eye, he was obliged to go up to her. She rallied him upon the little attention which he shewed to his friend's interest, in not having called to hear how she succeeded in her application. Brian replied, it was not through lukewarmness in the cause, but that he imagined it would be too soon.

"Not so much too soon as you may have imagined; for I find that the Captain is an excellent officer, who has seen

service; and he would have been promoted before, if he could have made interest. I expect he will be in next Saturday's Gazette, or in that of the Tuesday following at farthest."

Brian expressed his acknowledgment and happiness, but did not dare to tell her that he was then in company with the Captain, as she would have expected him to have paid his compliments to her. He apologized for hastening back to the ladies, who, he said, were lately from the country, and he could not be so uncomplaisant as to leave them long. He took his leave, by promising to call on her in a few days.

On returning to his company, Miss Thrum said to him—"Really, Mr. Bonnycastle, you are a fortunate man among the ladies: the other day, a nod from a
Duchess,

Duchess, and now a chit-chat with some other woman of fashion. Pray, if it be not impertinent, who is she?"

Our adventurer, labouring under a dread lest her real character should be known, replied, with some hesitation, that she was a lady who had interest in a certain quarter, which he was soliciting for a distant relation.

"Really, Sir, you are a happy man."

"Quite the contrary, Ma'am; such trifles as these you mention, would not even give me a better appetite to my mutton-chop: my happiness must have more solid food than the bubbles of vanity."

At the latter part of this speech, he gave a timid glance towards Charlotte, whose eyes were as intensely fixed on the military manœuvres as if she had
I 3 been

been the reviewing General, and had not heard a syllable of what passed. It was a mortification to her, to see the man whom she was constrained to treat with coolness, favoured by the rest of her sex; and her feelings were tinged with some little admixture of jealousy. As her brother had confessed himself the sole author of his own misfortune, and even that he had drawn his friend into the vortex of his dissipation, Brian had re-occupied his former place in her affection; and she mentally accused her father of a rigidity of principle, beyond the measure of strict justice.

Brian was still gazing on her loved features, which her feigned intense observation of the military manœuvres gave him an undisturbed opportunity of doing, when Sir Charles Rushlight, Shadow, and

and a person who bore the appearance of a foreigner, passed near them. The Baronet advanced to salute the Captain, as did Shadow, who introduced the stranger as his friend, the Count van Hoorn, of Hamburgh. Charlotte no sooner cast her eyes on the Baronet, than, putting her arm into Brian's, through an involuntary motion, as if for protection, she said, in a low tone, " Good Heaven ! there is the person whose insolence to me had nearly cost you your life—I shudder at the sight of him !"

" And happy would it have been for me," replied Brian, " if I had died in such a cause, since I should then have quitted the world with your esteem."

Charlotte made no reply, but observed to her friend, that it was time to return

to dinner, on which condition she had accompanied her to the Park.

As they returned to the carriage, Charlotte, inadvertently perhaps, still kept her arm within our hero's, who was too wise to risk losing it by seeming to notice it; and as the Baronet's party accompanied them, he enjoyed his happiness in silence.

The ladies got into the carriage at Grosvenor-gate, and Charlotte did not think it worth while to trouble her father with an account of this second encounter, as he had received the news of the first with so much coolness.

Brian and the Captain had been too much engaged with the ladies, to pay much attention to the intruders, for such they considered the Baronet and his friends,

friends, and the ceremony of introducing the Count was performed afresh. Brian was astonished to observe that the Captain, whose urbanity of manners was remarkable, should receive the advances of the foreigner with the utmost distance, and draw himself up with a somewhat-like-contemptuous sneer.

The Baronet and Shadow pressed our friends to dine with them and the Count; but the Captain withstood all their solicitations, and putting a paper into Shadow's hand, with a significant look told him, he found it on the floor of his apartment, where he must have dropped it on his last visit. Shadow put up the paper with seeming indifference, but evidently disconcerted; and he now grew so cool in his invitation, that our friends had no trouble in getting away.

The Captain presently came to an explanation with Brian, by telling him that the Count was an impostor, a *knight of the post*, brought over from the Continent by Shadow, purposely to bite the knowing ones at billiards, being a most famous player—"The letter which you saw me give to Shadow," added he, "I found as I mentioned; and not having the least idea but that it was one of my own papers, which the negligence of myself or servant had left there, I unfolded it, without looking at the superscription, and found it to be from this Van Hoorn, to give notice of his arrival, and requesting a meeting, to concert the plan of the campaign, which is to be opened at Bath, in order to try the Count's strength. I wish we could find some means of tricking these tricksters."

"If

"If Verjuice were here," observed Brian, "he might hit upon a scheme to do something of the kind; but Shadow will suspect that you have got his secret, and be upon his guard against us."

"But surely," said the Captain, "something might be made out of such a secret. What think you of a trip to Bath? You will at least see how the scheme goes on, and be better able to regulate your own conduct. I should have no objection to accompany you, if I could get leave of absence."

"I think I may undertake to procure that for you," said Brian.

The excursion was finally agreed upon; the Captain engaged to learn the precise time of the departure of the associates, and Brian waited on Mrs. Fisher, who procured the wished-for leave of ab-

sence. On the day previous to that fixed on by the associates, they set out together in the mail-coach.

Shadow, on his arrival, prepared the Bath *sharks* for swallowing the bait, by spreading a report that he had brought with him a Dutch Count, rich as a Jew, vain of his skill at billiards, and ready to bleed freely. The whole corps of *rifle-men* were on the alert, and one of the most skilful was pitched upon to enter the lists against the Count. The knights of the *queue* met one morning, and set to, both keeping back their play; and the Count managed matters so well, as not only to sharpen the appetites of his antagonist and his backers, but also to persuade them that he could play but very indifferently. Our adventurer, knowing the Count's intention, took as many
bets

bets as he could get against him; but they were trifling, as the by-standers had no opinion of the Count's skill.

An appointment was made to renew the game the next morning, and the room swarmed with *cognoscenti*. Both sides kept back their play as before, and the trial was, who should play the worst at indifferent periods, and who, without seeming to play well, should make the best strokes at important points. When the Count won a game, it was seemingly with the greatest difficulty, and never by more than one hazard; so that it appeared to be rather the effect of chance than of skill. Brian, watching the turn of the Count's play, backed him when he had any thing at stake worth exertion, and found no difficulty in procuring bets to any amount, until the eyes of the Bath
knowing

knowing ones were opened, which was not before the Count had gleaned upwards of ten thousand pounds. When the scent began to grow stale, the associates decamped for London, hoping to get back thither before the Count's fame should be blown.

Brian had picked up one thousand seven hundred pounds, the half of which he offered to the Captain, who absolutely refused it, alledging that, as he could not have afforded to pay losses to that amount, he could not in honour accept the winnings, particularly as not a word of any sharing agreement had passed between them. However, as Brian appeared much mortified at the refusal of a half, when he was indebted to him for the whole, the Captain consented to accept two hundred pounds for travelling expences.

As

As they had now done all their business at Bath, and were eager to meet with the objects of their affection, they posted off for town, whence they had been absent above a week.

The Count was so industrious in London, that he sweated some of the most knowing gentry of the *queue* before he was blown, and he was then cried down as a blackleg: the best of the joke was, that even those professors, who practised the same art of concealment in their play on the Count, inveighed most bitterly against him, as little less than a cheat; so that being universally cried down, he was reduced to the necessity of sitting down contented with his gains, or of changing the weapon, at which he was superior to most men, for other schemes in the gambling system, in which he was inferior to

numbers: he had, however, the satisfaction of sharing with Shadow to the tune of eighteen thousand pounds; but the cupidity of a gamester is ever insatiate. Shadow persuaded him to venture on the bones and pasteboard, being determined, since the Count's superior play at billiards could be of no further use to him, to play booty, and fleece his partner out of his share of the booty:

Shadow could not fail of observing the success of our adventurer, which he rightly attributed to the Captain's accidental discovery of his plot. Having had such a specimen of Brian's acuteness, and looking upon all mankind to be actuated by the same honourable motives as himself, he hesitated not to propose to him to become his associate against his former friend, whom he promised to deliver

up

up bound hand and foot. Brian, however, was so distrustful of Shadow's *honour*, that he declined the proposal of a partnership; but promised to keep the secret, as he saw no reason why the Count should not learn some of those tricks which he himself had taught to so many others.

Shadow promised to give Brian notice when the meeting was to take place, for the purpose of plucking the Dutch adventurer; and went to look out for some associates, whom he soon found among his list of acquaintance.

The Count was drawn to a noted house in Charles-street, St. James's-square, where, in the course of one sitting, he was made to disgorge the whole of his winnings to the *real* associates of his *pretended* partner Shadow, who cursed the
bones,

bones, and tore the cards, with as much apparent phrenzy as if he had actually been their victim. Brian being in the secret, was suffered by Shadow to come in for some of the pickings, in the hope of gaining his confidence, and finding some unguarded moment of fleecing him.

When the Count was completely drained, Shadow pretended to be at the end of his cash, to prevent borrowing: the play began to languish, and soon ceased.

Shadow having made the most of his Dutch friend cut his acquaintance; and after the poor fellow had strolled about the inferior gaming-houses, where he was unknown, endeavouring in vain to pick up a livelihood, he was reduced to the humiliating necessity of soliciting the loan of a few pounds from Shadow, to pay his passage back to Ham-
burgh.

burgh. Shadow *generously* consented, on having the Count's note of hand, as a security for his actually quitting the kingdom, to advance twenty pounds, coolly advising him, at the same time, to return to his original situation of *marker at a billiard-table*, whence he afterwards boasted to Brian of having drawn him to take in the English flats.

The Count appeared to be satisfied with this scanty supply ; but he secretly entertained thoughts of revenge and retaliation on his false friend, of whom he now perceived himself to have been made the dupe. Notwithstanding his having fallen a victim to the artifices of an individual, he felt convinced that the bulk of the English professors were far inferior to many of his continental acquaintance in the *refinements* of gaming,
and

and he determined to seek for a colleague among them, upon whom he could place more reliance, and to return, with a view to retrieve his fortune: under this idea, he lost no time in setting sail for Hamburgh.

CHAP. IX.

Antiquated Virginity a most heavy Incumbrance—

Ineffectual Effort to get rid of one—Quarrel between two female Gamesters; and a Dialogue, illustrative of low Life above Stairs—A real Object of Distress, a Tale of Woe, and an Act worthy of Imitation.

BRIAN had been so engaged, that he had never seen the Duchess of Fallowland since the day she nodded to him from her carriage in Bond-street; and he was now reminded of this second proof of his indifference, by a note, in which she signified her expectation of seeing him, early

early that evening, at Lady M'Lackland's.

Since his two last interviews with Miss Hewson, he could have wished to have dropped the intimacy with her Grace; but neither gallantry nor gratitude would permit him to wound the feelings of a lady, for whose character he entertained the highest esteem. He went to the appointment, early enough to come to an *eclaircissement* with her Grace before the company began to fall in; and her Grace, actuated by the same motive, arrived whilst Lady M'Lackland was dressing, and Miss Rappée was arranging matters for the reception of company; so that they were quite *tête-à-tête*.

"I perceive, Sir," said her Grace, opening the ball, "that, in spite of yourself, you have relapsed into your former indifference;

indifference; and as I disdain to impose chains on any but a willing heart proud to wear them, I wished to see you, merely to release you from all further constraint."

"Your Grace is mistaken, in attributing to indifference what was the effect of business: I have been at Bath for more than a week past, on an affair of some moment to my fortune, whence I returned only this morning. You may see that I have not lost a moment in flying to obey your commands."

"Not for the pleasure of seeing me, I believe, Sir. It is rather ungenerous to attempt to practise disguise on a female, who has reposed the greatest confidence in a man's honour: I see through the veil which you would throw over your conduct.

conduct. The lady whom I saw in your company in Bond-street——”

“I will at least endeavour to convince your Grace that I act ingenuously, and will afterwards leave my sincerity to the feelings of your own heart. You may remember that, at Richmond, I acquainted your Grace with my having engaged my affections to a most amiable young lady, to whom I should have been united, but for the unfortunate circumstances I mentioned; that was the lady in whose company you saw me; but distant, far distant is the hope of ever calling her mine. I appeal to your own heart, whether first impressions are ever to be erased.”

“I guess,” said her Grace, crimsoning, “that your friend Verjuice has made you acquainted

acquainted with some parts of my history."

"He has acquainted me with nothing but what makes me revere your character; and do not doubt that I take the greatest pride and pleasure in the condescension with which you have been pleased to honour me."

"Well, Sir, I admit your appeal: none of us are capable of guarding our hearts against first impressions—I confess myself their martyr. As we cannot be lovers in the strict sense of the word, let us continue to esteem each other, and mutual confidence will be the best proof of our sincerity. Far from wishing to be a bar to your happiness, I sincerely wish you in possession of that bliss of which I have been myself for ever deprived. You see, Sir, I accept your own terms."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Rappee, who, with the affected smile of virgin eighteen, invited them to the tea-table, whither they accompanied her.

Soon after tea, the company began to assemble, and made a very strong muster that night. In the midst of the bustle, a note was slipped into Brian's hand, by a person who instantly disappeared: he retired to peruse it, and read as follows:

“ SIR,

“ WHEN a lady of rank condescends to make advances to one of your sex, he should be secret, and seek to know no more than she wishes to confide to his honour. At twelve precisely, ascend the staircase from the play-rooms,
enter

enter the first door on the left hand, and pursue your course into the interior room.

“Your enamoured,

“CELIA.”

His surprise at this eccentric *billet-doux* could be equalled only by his curiosity to discover some cue to the writer. He was well acquainted with the Duchess's hand-writing—neither that nor the style was hers: he could fix on no other person than Lady M'Lackland, who was known to have retained all the vivacity and warmth, though only the traces of the charms of youth. He felt not the least desire to embrace the happiness designed for him, but he imagined that his reputation would be quite destroyed in high life, if it should be known that he

was afraid to trust himself alone with a female; and that consideration, as well as curiosity to see the event of an affair so strangely commenced, determined him to keep the appointment. He therefore kept himself disengaged from play, and, at the appointed hour, stole away, and bent his steps according to the directions of the billet.

On entering the interior apartment, there was only a glimmering of moonlight betwixt the interstices of the Venetian blinds, which were shut, and he heard a whisper of, "*Hist! hist!*"—Directed by the sounds, he steered towards a sofa, on which he found his fair *inamorata* seated, who caught his outstretched hand in hers, and guided him to a seat beside her.

As neither of his two senses of sight
and

and hearing could give him any intelligence of the fair one's person, he applied to that of feeling; and on pressing the hand which grasped his, he found it not so plump as her Ladyship's, nor indeed as any healthy youthful person's, but rather a parcel of bones, with very little other covering, except a coarse loose skin. This discovery was by no means calculated to inspire the warmth of a lover; and he was at a loss what to say, or how to extricate himself from his dilemma.

A long pause ensued; and at length, to the inexpressible joy of our adventurer, a sudden crash was heard to issue from an adjoining closet. Both started up in affright; and the fair one losing her precaution, exclaimed, loud enough to assure Brian that the sounds issued

from the lips of the fair Miss Rachel Rappee, " Oh, Heaven, we are discovered ! My virgin reputation will be lost ! "

Brian was so pleased with his fortunate release, and so tickled with this discovery, that he had the greatest difficulty to refrain from a shout of laughter.

Another pause ensued, after which the fair one whispered, with more caution than before, " We have been alarmed without cause ; it is only the cat that has thrown down something in the closet. "

" It may be so, my dear Ma'am ; but if it should be otherwise, what will become of your virgin reputation ? "

" Oh, Sir, you are a man of honour, " replied she ; " and let the worst come to the worst, matrimony will heal the deepest wound in a lady's reputation. "

Brian could stand no more—" Hark !
there

there certainly is some one in that closet!" cried he, forcing his hand from her grasp, and rushing towards the door of it, determined to get out of the scrape at all events.

He entered the closet, and searching about to find some other door for escape, caught hold of the clothes of a female, who was also in the act of slipping away—"Hush!" whispered she; and taking him by the hand, conducted him in the dark out of the closet, and down a pair of back stairs. On entering a little parlour, the damsel proved to be her Ladyship's abigail, who quitting Brian's hand, and clapping both her own on her sides, burst into a fit of laughter—"So," cried she, "I find that antiquated virginity is a stock that lies heavy on our sex's hands.

Poor old soul ! I am very sorry, that I should have spoiled her market."

" You know who the lady is then ?"

" Oh, to be sure I do ! But you will pretend that you do not, perhaps."

" Indeed I do not ; but if it be the one I guess, I am extremely indebted to you for releasing me ; and as a proof of it, here is a guinea for you."

" Well, but you need not bribe me to secrecy ; for I have an interest in it, and so has her Ladyship too."

" How so ?"

" Can you keep a secret, Sir ?"

" I promise you."

" Well then, you must know that the closet in which you found me, is a very convenient stand for my Lady, who is in the habit of making there some discoveries

ries of family secrets, which prove highly advantageous to her, as they put the characters of the parties concerned wholly in her power. When my Lady is otherwise engaged, I take her place, and make a report to her: I was *upon duty* when I accidentally alarmed you and that piece of pure antique virginity, Miss Rachel Rappee."

"I thought it was her: but as she appears to be every thing with her Ladyship, is she not in the secret of the closet?"

"Oh, no; my Lady employs her to look after other matters, and she employs me to look after her; for she is as mercenary as she is poor, and my Lady knows her too well to trust her far out of her sight."

"Well, my dear girl, it was a fortunate

nobility!) with having slipped a card. Her Grace denied the accusation with indignation, although the card was found beneath her chair, and retorted upon the accuser, that it was more probable she herself had thrown it there, to find a hole to creep out of a desperate game. *Horribile dictu!* Monstrous to say, the lie was given on both sides; and a pitched battle would have ensued on the spot, if the goddess of peace, under the resemblance of Lady M'Lackland, had not interfered, and begged them to have more respect for the *honour* of her house. Being restrained by this remonstrance (which was not slighted, as we have seen some political remonstrances of the present day) from actual warfare, the antagonists resorted to the usual female battle of tongues; and the following dialogue,

high

high or low bred, as the reader may deem it, ensued:—

Her Ladyship—"I have known some people remarked for a number of years, to have very often a card too many or too little."

Her Grace—"Indeed some people's memory may extend to above half a century past, as they have been known to play youthful parts on the wrong side of forty."

Her Ladyship—"And I have known some people affect to play the parts of women of character, long after their reputation was fly-blown."

Her Grace—"Some people are more indebted to their cunning for their reputation, than to their rigorous treatment of their gallants."

Her Ladyship—"It is better, however,

to keep up appearances with the world, than wholly to disregard them."

Her Grace—"If people cannot afford to lose their money without losing their temper with it, they should never play."

Her Ladyship—"People should play fair, or not at all."

Her Grace—"The accusation is as false as the teeth and hair of the accuser."

Her Ladyship—"It is as true as some other stains on the character of the accused."

Her Grace—"The accusation and the accuser are alike contemptible."

Here Lady M'Lackland again interfered, the battle became a drawn one, and the combatants were arranged at separate tables.

This specimen of good-breeding was wholly new to our astonished adventurer, which

which was a proof of his deficiency in *haut ton*, where similar interludes have often been performed between the acts of the play : they are however most carefully concealed from the ears of the profane vulgar, unless the altercation should be so boisterous as to attract the attention of the servants, who are not bound, any more than certain ministers of state, to keep the secrets of their master or mistress any longer than they can retain their places. The unfashionable reader, however, should know, that female oratory in the squares, on the west side of Temple-bar, on some very particular occasions, is by no means inferior to that of another famous female forum on the east side of it, denominated Billingsgate. Even our adventurer had made so little progress in high life, as not yet to be aware

averse to what extent the habit of gaming effects a dereliction of all those delicacies of sentiment, which form a noble defence around the female character. The disgusting influence of this sordid vice is so pernicious to female minds, that they lose their fairest distinctions and privileges, together with the blushing honours of modesty and delicacy: a female mind deprived of these jewels, is one of the most desolate scenes in the world; and the ruinous consequences of gaming have already materially affected the character and deportment of the gentler sex: already the finest qualities of womanhood are perishing under its blast; and having nearly completed its ravages on the foliage and blossoms, it must soon extend to the very root of society itself, of which the late numerous trials

trials for *crim. con.* in high life are at once proofs, and, in most instances, undeniable consequences. To behold a fine eye, formed to disclose the secret of conscious love, and to render happy an animated being, gloating on Pam or Spadille; to contemplate a hand and arm, cast in Nature's happiest mould to clasp the fond object of conjugal affection, engaged in beggaring husband and children, with the vulgar air of throwing dice out of a box; to see and hear those lips, calculated to lisp the soft accents of conjugal endearment and maternal affection, bit through rage and despair, and half articulating execrations and oaths, is the most heart-rending ruin of Nature's noblest work. However shocking the assertion may sound to the ears of the *female gamester*, no axiom is better founded,

pondered, then that the character of a miserable woman of the town is far superior to hers; the latter having first sacrificed her virtue to her passions and the arts of seduction, and then trafficking on it, to sustain a wretched existence; the former sordidly sacrificing husband, children, and virtue, at the shrine of avarice.

Her Grace of Fallowland, disgusted with this disgraceful scene, and perhaps shocked at the snare which she herself had so narrowly escaped, nodded to Brian to follow her, and left the room unnoticed during the confusion. As they descended the staircase, her Grace presented him with a ticket of admittance to a private masked ball on the ensuing evening, giving him at the same time a white cockade to put in his hat, by which token she might recognize him.

Brian

Brian promised her Grace to do himself the honour of accepting her invitation; and as he was handing her into her carriage, a female figure advanced, and in a most impassioned tone exclaimed—
“ O, ye sons and daughters of fortune, who can expend such vast sums on your own pleasures, for God’s sake bestow a trifle on the necessities of one who would rather die than beg, were it only for her own support; but who is reduced to the humiliating necessity, for the support of a numerous, infantine, and fatherless offspring!”

The force of this appeal, the unusual style of the address, the earnestness of the delivery, and the apparent agony of the petitioner, drew immediate attention; and by the light of the torches which the Duchess’s footmen carried, they discovered

vered a fine figure; the remains of youthful beauty, and the appearance of having seen better days, disguised under the shabby external of a dirty bed-gown and straw bonnet. Her Grace desired Brian to present the petitioner with ten pounds on her account, which she would repay at the first meeting; and the poor object of her charity no sooner heard the welcome sounds of so generous and unexpected a donation, than, dropping on her knees, she exclaimed—"O may Heaven pour down its blessings on a heart which would ennoble even nobility itself!"

Brian raised her up; and her Grace having desired him to inquire into her situation, and promised to befriend her, if the inquiry should turn out to her advantage, ascended the carriage, which drove off.

Brian

Brian escorted the distressed female to her humble lodgings in Exeter-street, Strand, where he heard her piteous narrative. Mrs. Adamson was the widow of a man who had once been an eminent furrier, and had amassed wealth, which fatally extended his ambition beyond the sober pursuits of regular trade, to the slippery regions of speculation. A designing acquaintance, a stock-jobber, but too well seconded these views; and by pointing out the immense fortunes rapidly made by some few at the Stock Exchange, and promising to assist him with his advice, soon won him over to his views. Her husband gave up his other business; and, by degrees, his absence from home became frequent, and of such long duration, as to occasion her anxiety, he having been a very domestic man before

fore he engaged in his new pursuit. His temper also, from being remarkably sweet, became sour and sullen; whence she began to entertain the most gloomy presage of approaching misfortune. In proportion as his temper grew worse, she became more compliant and attentive, in the hope of alluring him back to his former happy course of life; but in vain: his disposition altered for the worse every day.

After some months of unhappiness, Mr. Adamson came home one night in a paroxysm of rage, which he vented in an excess of unusual harshness to his family, and then sank into sullen despair, at times apostrophizing the roguery of his pretended friend Mr. Scrip, and at others execrating his own credulity, folly, and villainy, which had utterly ruined his poor family. Shocking as this intelli-

gence was to the ears of Mrs. Adamson, her husband's former conduct had somewhat prepared her for them, and she displayed all the firmness of a Roman matron. Far from casting any reflections, or even shewing the least discontent or despondency, she endeavoured to soothe his agony, by assuring him that she regarded him as the best of husbands and of fathers; and desiring him to call to mind that, if his efforts to serve his family had turned out contrary to his wishes, the want of success could be attributed to no vicious pursuits. She insinuated that, if matters were even so bad as his fears might give him to conceive, yet, at the worst, he might return to his former lucrative trade, the profits of which he had always found certain, and they might again be as happy as formerly.

merly. By degrees, she calmed him so far as to get out of him the cause of his agony. On the first run of ill luck, Scrip had deluded him by saying, that experience must be bought in stock-jobbing as well as every other line of business, and that there was no instance of a stock-jobber who had not encountered similar discouragement at the outset for want of it; but, after having obtained it, the return of the tide brought in a certain influx of riches. Lulled by these representations, he persisted in placing confidence in the viper which he had introduced into his bosom.

One day, Scrip bought stock of Mr. Adamson for time, pretending it was not on his own account, but for a person for whom he was agent; and on the day of settlement, the stock having experienced
a rapid

a rapid rise, Mr. Adamson had to pay the difference, amounting to one thousand two hundred pounds. Mr. Adamson was afterwards persuaded by his *friend* Scrip, to purchase stock of him for time; also pretending that the sale was not made on his own account, and that it would prove so valuable a speculation, as to bring back all Mr. Adamson's former losses. That particular denomination of stock actually rose so much higher, that Mr. Adamson had to receive above two thousand pounds; but on that very day, which was the settling day, friend Scrip had become a lame duck, and waddled out of the Alley, according to the stock-jobbing jargon.

Mrs. Adamson advised her husband to look coolly into the state of his affairs, which he did, and it was found that he

had enough left to pay all demands against him ; but the surplus was inconsiderable. She then represented that his credit was unblemished, and that a serious return to, and perseverance in his trade, joined to rigid economy, would not only conceal his late losses, but would, in all human probability, soon re-establish their fortune and felicity. He followed the advice so strenuously, and she seconded his efforts, and encouraged him in them with so much cheerfulness, that the fiend of poverty was again driven from their door, when another fatal stroke produced the catastrophe.

A certain person of *high rank* determined to make some alterations in the uniforms of the ——— regiment of light dragoons, which he commanded: one part of the change consisted in having a particular

ticular description of furs to cover the helmets and face the coats of the soldiers. Mr. Adamson was applied to, by a letter from the great person himself, to furnish these articles, on the terms of being paid one hundred pounds so soon as he should have delivered to the amount of two hundred pounds; so that Mr. Adamson was to be always one hundred pounds, *and no more*, in advance. Notwithstanding this agreement, articles to the amount of one thousand pounds were delivered, without Mr. Adamson's being able to get any money; but still he went on manufacturing the articles, in firm reliance on the great man's punctually fulfilling his contract—nothing less. Goods to the amount of one thousand pounds more were executed; but, instead of the great person's paying any

of the installments, he demanded goods to the full amount of the contract, and threatened a prosecution if they should be detained. Mr. Adamson, however, whose whole fortune was staked on this business, persisted in detaining them; and arrested the paymaster, by the advice of his attorney, who was of opinion that the *great man* was not responsible, although he himself had entered into the contract. The paymaster went to a spunging-house, was afterwards cashiered for embezzling the public money, her husband lost the debt of one thousand pounds, and the other one thousand pounds' worth lay on his hands, a useless stock. His creditors, however, must be paid; and feeling too deeply the loss of his credit to submit to the usual method of wiping off scores by a bankruptcy,

ruptey, he died literally broken-hearted, leaving his relict and four children to the mercy of the world.

This distressing narrative, and the broken accents in which the engaging female delivered it, called forth all the sympathy of our adventurer, whose heart had not imbibed the least callosity from his pursuits: he presented Mrs. Adamson with ten pounds for her Grace of Fallowland, and five pounds more on his own account; assuring her, that he would endeavour to devise, and exert all his influence to carry into effect, some plan to shield herself and her fatherless children from the chilling gripe of poverty.

The grateful widow would have dropped on her knees to signify her gratitude, for utterance was impossible, if he had not restrained her, desiring her to re-

serve that posture for the Power to whom alone it was due.

Having seen this daughter of misfortune somewhat more composed, he took his leave, with the heartfelt satisfaction of experiencing the truth of that Christian *stimulus* to acts of benevolence—
"He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Anecdote of a noted Turf Character—A fashionable private Masquerade—Characters in high Life, and public Characters—How great Folks employ themselves, and how they might be better employed—Ode to Charity.

ON Brian's appearance at breakfast the next morning, he was no less surprised than rejoiced at the unexpected sight of his friend Verjuice: so great was his impatience to learn what had passed between him and Mr. Hewson, at his interview to give back the five hundred pound check, that it was the very first question

he put to him, after mutual inquiries into the state of each other's health.

"I would have you keep quiet on that head for the present," replied Verjuice, "as the least impatience may injure your cause in that quarter: I can give you no room for sanguine expectation, although I think you have no reason to despair. At present, let us attend to the state of your affairs, which you will see I have not lost sight of during my journey. I have already mentioned to you the necessity of keeping up appearances: the late famous Colonel O'Kelly, emerged from obscurity to the highest celebrity on the sporting list, was, on that account only, repeatedly refused admittance into the clubs, instituted and supported by those of the higher order, at Newmarket and other places. He was so hurt by
these

these indignities, as never after to lose a sense of them, and an appetite for revenge. Having got some insight into the *family* secrets, one of which was to hold under their thumbs, by bribes, most of the jockies, grooms, trainers, and other subordinate persons employed in the offices of the turf, by which means a newly initiated adventurer was sure to be pilaged by them, he determined to retain exclusively one jockey to ride for him, and for no other person, unless he had no horse entered for the same match. The jockey of whom he made choice named his own terms, which O'Kelly offered to double, provided he would enter into a bond not to ride for any of the *black-legged* fraternity. The jockey desiring him to define whom he meant by the *black-legged* fraternity, he replied—

“O, by J—s, my dear, and I’ll soon make you understand that! There’s the Duke of G, the Duke of D, Lord A, Lord D, Lord G, Lord O, Lord B, the Right Honourable A, B, C, D, and O, J, F, and all the set of the *thames* that belong to their humbug societies and *hub-a-boo* clubs, where they can meet and rob without detection.” By thus finding all his own resources within himself, he not only left a splendid fortune to his successor, but such a stud as produced a princely income. It was my happiness, in the beginning of my turf-career, to be of some service to him, for which he generously took me under his wing, and I made the greatest part of my money on his matches. When I lost his generous support, I retired from the turf.—From this anecdote you will see that, although the Colonel succeeded
against

against all opposition, by dint of superior genius and indefatigable perseverance, yet it is advisable to assume the appearance of somewhat more than a needy adventurer. I have therefore concluded a contract in your name for a Yorkshire estate, contiguous to some land of my own, which will give you some manorial rights, and, of course, some little consequence. The purchase-money will be seven thousand pounds, of which I will advance for you what you may be deficient; and you may pay me interest, until you can make up the whole sum."

Brian was surprised at this act of kindness, which was quite unexpected, from Verjuice's carefully concealing the extent of his favourable intentions towards him; he would have expressed his grate-

side, but Verjuice cut him short, by saying—" You know I hate words, on any other score than business. Come, let us hear where you have walked during my absence."

" On the sunny side of Fortune's hedge," replied Brian ; and he acquainted him with his lucky *hits* and *gammons*, which drew forth many congratulations from the old gentleman. On investigation, it was found that our adventurer was possessed of somewhat more than four thousand guineas ; and his heart now felt the first pleasing prospect of cheering independence.

Verjuice went to rest very early in the evening, to recover from the fatigue of travelling ; and Brian having procured a domino, and taken care to place the white cockade conspicuously in his hat,

set out to meet her Grace of Fallowland, at Mrs. Apemode's, in Hanover-square.

On alighting, and presenting himself at the door, he was thunderstruck at another trait of high life, which put the finishing stroke to his growing contempt of it. A couple of police-officers stood sentry at the door, to prevent the intrusion of *improper* company: they received the tickets of admission, and eyed the visitors, as the turnkey of Newgate fixes his hawk's eye on a felon consigned to his tender keeping. After our adventurer's person and ticket had undergone scrupulous examination, he was desired to pass on; and as no one appeared to introduce him, or took any further notice of him, he was at a loss whither to go, or how to act. Afraid of discovering his ignorance by asking any questions, and

and observing the staircase splendidly illuminated, and embellished with greenhouse plants in pots, and festoons of artificial flowers, he mounted at once, and found that he had arrived at the scene of action. The whole suite of rooms had been thrown together, illuminated and embellished as the staircase, and nearly filled with grotesque caricatures and dominos.

Conscious now of being unknown, and of possessing the power of remaining so, by every person but her Grace of Falkenland, he sauntered about the rooms, enjoying the novel scene perfectly at his ease. The brilliancy of the giddy rout had almost effaced his notions of the insipidity of high life, when Miss Charlotte Hewson came across his mind, and he felt that if he should ever be happy enough

enough to make her his own, his cup of bliss would become gall, if she should launch into the vortex of fashionable dissipation. The phantom of delusion instantly fled, and his reason reminded him of the fate of the glow-worm—a meteor by night, a dull insect by day.

The former part of the night was exceedingly dull, masquerade scenes being only fitted for their soil of Italy, and by no means calculated for northern climes, particularly the cold and repulsive manners of England's air. At length it was buzzed about, that a certain illustrious personage had entered the room; and even the dullest affected all the gaiety and sprightliness of which their sluggish foggy natures were capable: wit, or rather witticisms, flew about from all quarters, and the presence of the P— seemed

seemed to have the same effect as that of the angel upon Balaam's ass. Curiosity drew our adventurer round with the throng, which followed every motion and turn of the P——, until they arrived at a spot where another throng was assembled, in the midst of whom was a character who kept them in a continued roar of laughter: it was a female figure, habited to represent an ancient sibyl, as might be gathered from the following inscription on the girdle which encircled her waist:—

'Credite me, vobis folium recitare sibyllæ.'

Juv. viii. 126.

In her hand she held a book, which she consulted whenever a question was put to her; and she gave her answers, sometimes in prose, at other times in verse, with

with such quaintness and force of irony, as convinced every one of her not only being thoroughly conversant with high life, but also with the characters and secrets of most of the people of consequence in the rooms. The P—— advancing with his usual elegance of manners and affability, demanded what the sibylline leaves said of him? The modern *Deiphobe* turning over the sacred records, repeated the following part of the speech which Shakespeare makes Henry IV. address to his son :—

“ The skipping *Prince*, he ambled up and down,
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt; ’scarded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh with gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative;

Grew

Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
 That, being daily swallow'd by mens' eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness; whereof a little
 More than a little, is by much too much:
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze;
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
 But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutt'd, gorg'd, and full:
 And in that very line stand'st thou;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation.

The *styl* now shut up the book; and
 the P—— assuming the chastened air
 which Henry's son should wear on this
 occasion,

occasion, bowed, and replied with his usual fluency of wit, in the words of that prince :—

" I shall hereafter, my thrice sage old woman,
Be more myself !

What says the oracle to my friend here ?" pushing forwards the M—— of H——, who stood by his side.

The sibyl reads from Shakespeare's comedy of *As you Like it* :—

" It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods : right ; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them ! Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting. Heirs ! even so—Poor men alone ! no, no ; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed ?—No ; as a walled town is worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor ; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want."

The P—— and his party were now
about

about to turn away, when Mr. S——
advanced, and addressed the sibyl thus:—

“ You secret, black, and midnight hag,
I conjure you by that which you profess
(Howe’er you come to know it), answer me :
What fame *posthumous* will be mine ?”

The sibyl turned to her book, and said,
“ Posterity will say thus:—

‘ Here lies a perfect *Proteus* throughout life,
Whose words and actions ever were at strife ;
More dire to Philistines was Samson ne’er,
With firebrand foxes when he did them scare,
Than was this flaming patriot, when he’d sail
’Gainst ministers, tied to a Fox’s tail ;
Like him too, of his magic power shorn,
Of those he terrified become the scorn,
They look’d upon him as a standing jest,
To give their dull debates a pleasant zest ;
For he more wit enjoy’d than half the House,
Till curst French brandy drown’d true British nous.
Take his own word—save honour, all was trash ;
Yet whoso took his word, mourn’d his lost cash :

E’en

E'en Nature's debt, when seiz'd by bailiff Death,
 Like all the others, he discharg'd with—breath!
 Pity the public hopes should be so crost,
 And *Patriot Dick* in *Dicky Gossip* lost!"

Mr. S—— readily replied, in the words
 of *Jaques*—"You have a nimble wit; I
 think it was made of *Atalanta's* heels."

The P—— and his party now turned,
 away laughing; and so applicable and
 ironical were the answers of the sibyl to
 every querist, that few more chose to
 parry a thrust with her.

A thread-paper man, with a small wo-
 man's voice, and affected, and a magpie
 hop (whom Brian afterwards learned was
 the *Honourable Mr. Skippington*, drama-
 tist), danced up, exclaiming—"Ha, my
 old witch of *Endor*! how dost do? What
 brings thee to earth again?"

"To answer fools."

"Laconic,

“Laconic, by Gad!—But your style savours too much of the vulgarity of old days for us *beau monde* of the present day—all ease and elegance now.”

“You are a bad specimen of it.”

“Eh! that shews your want of taste. Were not you the same old lady as appeared to the old Roman? what was his name? *Numa Pompilius*, or *Tarquin*, was not it? I almost forget.”

“Yes, your reading is but slight, I believe. Well, suppose me the same.”

“What a confounded high price you wanted for your musty old books! We have no such trash now-a-days.”

“I believe you.”

“Well, I always was of Pythagoras’s opinion: I myself remember to have undergone a thousand transmigrations since that time.”

“But

"But you were still the same character under every form."

"Hey! how is that?"

"Grub, moth, butterfly, goose, peacock, parrot, monkey, ape, and now fop."

"Don't be so scurrilous, my precious antique, or you'll be deemed quite a bore: you smell confoundedly of your old abode, Pandemonium. Well, what news from the lower regions? Has Proserpine played Pluto any fashionable tricks? any scandal stirring, eh?"

"We leave that to the class of mortals to which you belong."

"Well, well, if you are forbidden to unfold the secrets of your prison-house, we'll drop that subject. An't I a high fellow now? Come, let us hear your opinion of me—What says the oracle?"

The

The sibyl, deliberately turning over the leaves of her book, read as follows :—

“ This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease,
And utters it again, when Jove doth please :
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs :
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :
He can carve too, and lisp : why, this is he
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy ;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing
A mean most mainly ; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can. The ladies call him Sweet ;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone.”

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

“ Ha, ha, ha ! Your wit is a rough diamond—polish, polish !—Come and see
my

my next new farce—I'll give you an order."

"I'd rather spend an hour in *Tartarus*, witnessing the pains of the damned."

"That proves your want of taste.—Well, by'e, old Acid."

"Farewell, sweet Sir."

The sibyl was quite deserted, when our adventurer, imagining himself secure in his obscurity and disguise, ventured to ask her what were his faults?

"The worst fault you have," answered the sibyl, "is to be in love."

"Then 'tis a fault," replied he, "that I will not change for your best virtue. Who is my Rosalind?"

"Nay, Sir, that I know not; but I am she, whom

'Young Lorenzo swore he lov'd so well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
'And ne'er a true one.'

The sibyl had before assumed a feigned voice, but now speaking in her natural one, Brian instantly discovered her Grace of Fallowland. He laughed heartily at her disguise, and the satirical wit with which she had supported her character.

"I am already as weary of it," said the Duchess, "as the company seem to be weary of me: these scenes of frivolity, I may say of fatuity, are not at all suited to my humour. Now, tell me what you learned of the unfortunate female who encountered us last night."

Brian repeated her distressing narrative.

"A thought strikes me," said her Grace, after a short pause—"I will endeavour to convert the fleeting moments of this thoughtless tribe into a permanent blessing for the destitute widow and fatherless; I will try whether charity may
not

not be extracted out of the same soil as generates idle profusion. You stare."

"It is indeed, your Grace, a droll place to search for such a rare exotic in."

"I see you know little of the world, Sir, or you would have learned that vanity is the greatest impulse to the donations, I will not say charity, of the gay, thoughtless, and unfeeling: you shall see now, that many who, in private, would have refused half-a-crown to the necessities of the poor Mrs. Adamson, will, out of ostentation and emulation, put down their names for pounds. Wait a while—I will only change dress, and be with you again presently."

Brian, who had expected no more than a frivolous amusement for a few hours, was delighted at the prospect of their being turned to so delicious a purpose as

that of relieving merit in distress; and he admired no less the head than the heart of that woman, who, descending from the usual state and pursuits of her rank, could plan and execute schemes for the benefit of the indigent.

In less than half an hour, he was rejoined by the Duchess, habited as a Beguine, or charitable nun, in black, with a black veil: in her hand she held a paper, shortly stating the distress of the family for which she interested herself. She first sought out the P——, to whom, as well as to most of the rest of the company, she was well known, having her veil pinned up so as to discover her face; and was no better known than respected. The P——, whose affability and humanity have never been in the least impaired by his foibles, condescendingly
perused

perused the paper, and with that liberality which has always distinguished the goodness of his heart, desired her Grace to put him down for *one hundred pounds*; adding, that if more should be wanting, she knew how to renew her application. This noble example operated, as the Duchess expected, on the imitation of the other persons to whom she applied; and, at the close of the evening, the subscription amounted to nearly four hundred and fifty pounds.

“ Well,” said her Grace to Brian, “ are you not delighted with our success?”

“ *Our success!*” repeated he.

“ Yes, Sir, *our* success; for the feeling description which you have given of these children of distress, shows how much they have affected you; and you yourself animated me to the exertions,
which,

which, I am convinced, confer no less happiness on us both, than on those for whom we have interested ourselves. It sha'l be my task to collect the subscriptions, and to you shall be allotted the more delightful one of drying up the tear of sorrow, by communicating the pleasing intelligence. When the Adamsons shall have been settled into some comfortable line of life, I will accompany you to see them, and partake of their and your happiness."

TO CHARITY.

Hail! soft ey'd Maid! Thy look benign

Pourtrays at once thy race divine:

Sweet soother of our grief!

Thy tender, sympathetic soul,

At ragged merit ne'er did scowl,

Nor e'er deny relief:

'Tis

'Tis thine, mild Maid ! the bruised reed to prop,
To plant benev'lence in the human soul,
To weed out malice and revenge, fell crop !
And all the baneful passions to controul.

Whilst gloom'd Ambition, drench'd with blood,
Glories to see the crimson'd flood
Of human gore flow round,
Thou striv'st the lab'ring mind to ease
From each corroding fell disease,
And gently heal the wound :

I see thine eye, with pity's tear begem'd,
As thou patrol'st th' ensanguin'd plain, lament
That Phrenzy, mad'ning to be diadem'd,
Should build its throne with bones, with blood cement.

I see thee, with averted eye,
Where light disdain and pity vie,
Quit Pride with eager haste ;
Her idle pomp and tinsel glare,
Although they may make ideots stare,
But ill accord thy taste.

Mine eye pursues, and sees thee bland accost
A wretch, whom Pride had spurn'd with looks that aw'd,
Wipe off the starting tear for hap'ness lost,
And banish hunger, which his entrails gnaw'd.

From

From Av'rice, 'grim'd with sordid pelf,
And worn to bone with care of *self*,
With horror dost thou turn ;
Surpris'd to see the mind of *man*
So far digress from Nature's plan,
As for *itself* to burn.

Well may'st thou look behind thee, to behold
That friend to none, not e'en his wretched self :
See how he hugs to's breast the viper—*gold*,
His life a mis'ry, and no less his wealth !

Come, gentle Maid ! grant the bequest,
And with thyself fill ev'ry breast ;
Nor leave an empty space :
From *meanncss* cleanse the human mind,
Leave none but gen'rous thoughts behind,
And love for the whole race.

As when the tempest hush'd, and zephyr blows
A gentle breeze, the rose breathes odours fine ;
So fann'd by thee, benev'lence, like the rose,
Shall scatter its good deeds, almost divine.

END OF VOL. II.

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